McKean County Miner.

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DREADED DISEASE MAKES APPEARANCE HERE.

It is Infantile Paralysis which is Baffling Medical Science.

FOUR CASES HAVE BEEN REPORTED.

Two Ae Located in This Borough and Two at Crosby—Another Child in This Borough is Recovering from Malady Thought to Have Been This —Cases are all Mild Ones—Every Precaution Being Taken to Guard Against its Spread.

Infantile paralysis, the terrible scourage which has had quite a run and created a great deal of alarm in many sections of this State, has at last made its appearance here, although those who have had it thus far have been afflicted in a moderately mild form.

Two cases were reported on the south side on Monday. Clarence, the four-old-son of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Russ, and Irene, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Miller. At Crosby two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson, Sigrid and Theresa, are suffering with the same disease.

The homes of all three families have been placed under quarantine and every possible effort is being made to prevent the spread of this much dreaded malady. The afflicted children are being cared for by Dr. Hamilton of this borough.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Bouton on Water street is convalescing from a peculiar malady from which he has been suffering for some time past, the affliction bearing all the symptoms of infantile paralysis and Dr. Ostrander, the attending physician, is of the opinion that this was the disease. By careful massage and electrical treatment the little fellow has about recovered and no serious results are anticipated.

The symptoms of this dreaded disease, which is said to resemble the old "spotted fever," are as follows: The victim is usually taken with a fever with sleepiness, and stupor, sometimes sore throat, with pain in the limbs and along the spine, and as the disease progresses paralysis develops, usually in the arms or legs. While the death rate is not so large the disease leaves many children crippled as, while the child may recover and mature in other ways, the limb that has been afflicted will never develop further from the stag in which it was when stricken and becomes to all purposes, dead.

The State Board of Health is taking unusual cognizance to the appearance of the disease and is doing everything possible and co-operates with health authorities in communities when it appears with a view of stopping its spread. Up to the present time their efforts have yielded nothing that would outline a plan of campaign against or a cure for the malady and they are baffled.

While the disease makes its appearance principally among children it is said that adults are also susceptible.

HON. R. N. NEVIN IN TOWN.

Prominent Ohio Politican is Visiting Smethport Relatives.

Hon. R. N. Nevin and wife of Dayton, Ohio, are guests of their daughter, Mrs. E. H. French and husband, the well known local chemist, at their apartments at the Wright House.

Mr. Nevin is one of the leading Republican politicans of the State of Ohio and is a gentleman of the old school. He has represented his district six times in Congress and it is generally recognized that he represented it well, being a statesman of great ability.

He was a close personal friend of the martyred President William McKinley, having presided over the first convention that nominated him for Governor of Ohio and made the speech nominating him at the second convention.

Mr. Nevin is the possessor of a remarkable personality and it is a pleasure and revelation to meet and converse with him on various topics of the day, on all of which he is posted to an extraordinary degree.

While he has retired from politics for a time it is safe to say that the constituents of this interesting gentlemen will not permit him to remain out of the fold for any length of time.

JUD JONES GETS BAIL.

He Finds Lady Bountiful in Form of Coleville Widow.

Jud Jones of Bradford, who was recently committed to the county jail in default of $100 bail, under which he was held for having participated in the "rolling" of a "culled" gentleman, whom he enticed to a room and relieved of a sum of money during race week in Bradford recently, was released Saturday, having raised the required bail.

Jud succeeded in interesting a dashing Coleville widow, who owns a farm and was recently incarcerated in the county jail for breaking quarantine, in his case and upon her release from captivity she produced $100 and obtained the release of the elusive Bradford bantam weight.

Jones left with his lady bountiful for Coleville Saturday and is now playing the role of a merry milk maid on her plantation on the mountain top and is treading the intricate pathway of the simple life. This may be the starting point of a pretty rural romance.

OWNS REAL LIVE GOLD MINE.

Wm. Pratt Pays Brief Visit To His Former Home.

Wm. Pratt, a former Smethport boy, but now of Pueblo, Col., arrived in town last Friday and spent Sunday with relatives in East Smethport, returning to the West Monday.

Mr. Pratt left this place 9 years ago for Colorado and went to prospecting in the Cripple Creek district. He struck pay dirt and after overcoming several reverses, organized a company to develop his holdings.

His mining ventures have been successful to a marked degree and his company is now opening an Eastern office in Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Pratt came through from Pueblo to Columbus by automobile, but on reaching that place he left his car, owing to the condition of the roads and came through by rail.

It was Mr. Pratt's intention to make a more extended visit but he was suddenly called back to Pueblo by his extensive business interests, and it is his intention to return again late in the fall.

DEATH OF JOHN MacQUISTON.

Little Boy Passes Away at Von Vleck, Texas.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy of this borough received word Saturday from Von Vleck, Texas, of the death of their little grandson, John Donald MacQuiston, son of Harvey M. MacQuiston and the late Agnes McCoy MacQuiston, which occurred at Von Vleck Friday, Aug. 26, of peritonitis.

The little boy had been residing in Von Vleck with his father and had been ill only three days before his death.

John was born in Smethport, Dec. 31, 1906, and was an exceedingly bright and loveable little fellow.

Burial was made in Von Vleck Sunday.

WILL REMODEL CLUB HOUSE.

Travellers' Club Let Contract to Clarence Powell.

The Travellers' club have awarded the contract for making extensive repairs to their club house on State street to Clarence Powell, the well known East Smethport contractor.

The improvements will consist of tearing out a number of partitions and making a large and handsome assembly room, the installing of an attractive fire place and other parts of the building remodeled. The work will be done upon plans drawn by Architect Brickel of Bradford.

It is understood that work will be started within the next two weeks and will be completed by fall.

GET SECOND WELL.

Potter Gas Co. Strike Fair Producer on Prospect Hill.

Last Saturday McGregor & Grames, the well known Shinglehouse contractors, struck a second well on Prospect hill, near this borough, for the Potter Gas Co., on the company's holdings at that point.

It is thought the well will be good for about the same amount of gas as the No. 1, struck this summer, which is between 250,000 and 300,000 feet.

McGregor & Grames have the contract for putting down two more wells for the Potter company and the rig from the well just completed is being moved to another site, where drilling on the third well will soon commence.

Subscribe for The Miner.

SMETHPORT'S BIG EXPOSITION IS ON NEXT WEEK.

McKean County Fair and Races Starts Tuesday.

FIREMEN'S DAY TO BE A MONSTER.

It Occurs Wednesday—Thursday is Bradford and Grange Day—Friday is High School Field Day—Attractions and Horses are Arriving—Final Arrangements are Being Perfected and Everything is About Ready for the Gates to Open—Fine Speakers and Judges Have Been Secured and Everything Points to a Fair that will Eclipse Them All—An Excellent Train Service.

Tuesday is the day that ushers in for the sixth time McKean county's great Fair and Races in this borough and four days, Sept. 6, 7, 8 and 9 things will hum in this section of the county. Every year marks a step forward by McKean county's great fair and races. From a comparatively humble beginning our fair has advanced to a position where it is recognized far and wide as one of the greatest in the country.

A force of men have placed the grounds and track, which are the finest to be found in this section, in condition for the meet and they were never in better condition. The fair office in the Rayhier building is doing a rushing business and Mrs. Guy McCoy, who has charge of this department, has been kept busy receiving the largest number of entries ever before handled, besides transacting more other business than this office has ever encountered. Entries will be received here up until Friday night and those who have neglected making their entries as yet had best do so at once and avoid the rush at the closing hours.

Secretary McCoy and the other officers have been scouring the fairs of both New York state and Pennsylvania in search of attractions and rare horses and they have been successful to a marked degree. Most of the owners of horses and attractions at the Wellsville and Warsaw fairs and the big Hornell fair, which is being held this week, have signified their intention of coming here. President R. W. Hilton is in Hornell at the present time to secure further features. A number of horses are now at the track and midway attractions are arriving and Saturday the fair people will be flooding the town.

The race entries at the present time are larger than any previous years and include some fast steeds, and the same can be said of the midway. The attractions here will include a larger number of shows and of a higher class than ever before secured, besides a merry-go-round and other features usually found at this popular place of amusement.

The free attractions are of an unusually high plane of excellence. The "Nebraska Bill" wild west troup comprising 25 people, including cowboys, cowgirls, and Indians, headed by "Nebraska" himself will present a high class wild west performance each day in front of the grandstand, introducing a large number of highly schooled and unschooled hoses. Their performance consists of trick riding, fancy lariet spinning, showing the use of the bull whip, a stage hold-up, battle between cowboys and Indians, hanging of horse thief and other well known wild west feautres. They will positively appear each day in performances in front of the grandstand and in addition will have a high class attraction on the midway. In regard to this attraction President Hilton who saw the outfit at the Warsaw fair, sends word to the management: "they are the best ever."

On the large stage in front of the grandstand each day, absolutely free, will also appear the great Lorre troupe of 5 people in their sensational and laugh provoking trick house act, introducing their own elaborate and special apparatus. Also the "Tumbling Tunis," the very dare devils of the universe in their hair raising and intricate acrobatic evolutions.

Fine band music has been secured for each day and some of the leading musicial organizations of this section will be heard here.

At considerable expense the association has been able to secure as judges Mr. Doty of the State Agricultural College to act as judge of cat-

(Continued on page 4.)

INJURED AT NORWICH.

Blacksmith Was Struck Over Head in a Drunken Brawl.

Dr. Hamilton of this borough was summoned to the scene of the new Goodyear lumber operations at Norwich Monday to attend a blacksmith named John Eastman, employed on the job, who had been found in the woods in an unconscious condition.

It appears that Eastman and an Italian, while under the influence of liquor, got into an argument Sunday afternoon which terminated by the Italian seizing a heavy stake and bringing it down with much force over the blacksmith's head, knocking him out completely.

Being knocked unconscious in connection with being overloaded with booze placed Eastman in such a state of coma that he laid in the woods where he fell, from the time of his downfall until Monday morning when he was discovered and medical aid summoned.

Upon arriving Dr. Hamilton rendered necessary medical attention and soon bought the man around in good form. His injury was a slight one.

NOW IN OPERATION.

Austin Mill of Goodyear Lumber Company is Sawing Norwich Timber.

The big mill of the Goodyear Lumber Co. at Austin has been placed in operation and large quantities of logs from the company's lumbering operations at Norwich are being shipped to Austin and are being sawed up at the mill.

The Goodyear people have secured the shops formerly used for the B. & S. railroad and are using them for repair work to their rolling stock used in transporting their timber from the scene of operations to the mill. It is said that the shops will be kept busier than they were when used by the railroad.

It is necessary for the lumber concern to use the tracks of the B. & S. railroad from Liberty, to which point they own a road of their own from Norwich.

Log rollers have arrived in Austin and business in that place has taken on a new aspect. The report that the Goodyears contemplate moving their mill is not given much credulence in that place.

THE ELKS CONVENTION

Came to a Close at Bradford Thursday—Kushequa Man Gets Automobile.

The fourth annual reunion of Pennsylvania Elks Association came to a close at Bradford last Thursday after a most successful gathering.

Thursday afternoon the big parade of Elks took place and a large number of lodges and bands from surrounding towns were in line. The prize of $200 for the best appearing lodge in line was awarded to the Kane lodge and the $100 for the largest band in line was awarded to the Kane cornet band which accompanied the lodge from that place.

In the evening a ball for visiting Elks was given at the Exchange-Lyceum and at midnight the doors were opened to the public and the Oakland touring car was given away by the Bradford lodge. J. A. McKinnon of Kushequa, general passenger agent of the Kushequa railroad, received the car.

Promptness.

To show the promptness with which the Supreme Tent, K. O. T. M., settles death claims, it may be cited that the claim of Geo. A. Schleiff, beneficiary of the late Geo. Schleiff of Kasson for $2000.00 was paid in six days from the time proofs of death were sent by R. K. of Bunker Hill Tent, No. 60.

Labor Day Excursion to St. Marys, Pa., via Shawmut Line.

Labor Day, Monday, September 5, 1910, P., S. & N. R. R. offer low excursion rates and special service to St. Marys and return form all stations north of St. Marys.

Among other attractions, arrangements have been made for a ball game at St. Marys Fair Grounds, Canaseraga Nine, the undisputed Champions of Allegany county versus The St. Marys team.

Train leaves Smethport, 10:38 a. m. Fare for round trip 75c.

JOS. T. ODELL, G. P. A.

Sept. 1—1t

House for Rent or Sale.

Will rent very reasonable to the right party. Inquire of

H. C. WELLS.

ELDRED BANK CASE ONCE MORE REVIVED.

Depositors have Banded Together and Will Prosecute.

FOUR STOCKHOLERS ARE ARRESTED

They are A. E. Sloan, W. A. Young, W. L. Christman of Eldred and President J. D. Downing of Meadville—Are Now Under Bail for Their Appearance at Court in this Borough—A Decided Stand Has Been Taken by the Victims of the Failure.

A. E. Sloan of Eldred was arrested last week in St. Marys, Pa., on criminal charges growing out of the Eldred bank failure. Constable John Howe of Bradford went to St. Marys after Sloan, who was in the clerical service of the Shawmut road, and Sloan did not happen to be in town on the occasion of the constable's visit. The warrant was left with Chief of Police O'Donnell of St. Marys and the arrest followed. O'Donnell conveyed the prisoner to Ridgway where Chief Murray of Bradford met him, taking him to Bradford. There, on Saturday, Constable Howe took Sloan in charge and conveyed him to Eldred. At that place he gave bail for his appearance at court in Smethport on two charges—$300 in each case being fixed as surety. President J. D. Downing of Meadville, W. A. Young and W. L. Christman formerly of the same bank, on like charges were also arrested and gave bail respectively for the same amount as given by Sloan.

A warrant for the arrest of C. P. Collins of the defunct bank has been issued. They are charged in one case with embezzlement and in another with obtaining money under false pretenses.

The prosecutor of the case where in embezzlement is charged, is Julia Cambler of Eldred. She alleges that she sent a deed to the bank with instructions to negotiate it and return the money to her. The deed was negotiated on November 17, 1908, for $617.50. On November 20 the bank failed and Mrs. Cambler never received the amount which had been collected.

Mrs. Horan of Eldred is the prosecutor in the other case. Mrs. Horan alleges that she had $4,000 on deposit in the bank. On November 18, two days before the bank failed, she tried to withdraw her deposit. The bank officials induced her to deposit $10 more and gave her a New York draft for $1,000. The draft was worthless and it has since been shown, Mrs. Horan alleges, that for a number of days before she was given the draft, there had been no money for its payment.

At a recent meeting of depositors of the defunct bank in Eldred, individuals representing $50,000 in deposits retained T. F. Mullin of Bradford to prosecute the officers of the bank. The time of securing indictments will expire in November, under the statute of limitations, and it is expected to have a number of indictments against each of the officers before that time arrives.

The depositors say they have grown weary waiting for a settlement of their claims. Nearly two years have passed since the failure of the bank and the depositors have concluded that the only effective way of getting the money due them is to start criminal proceedings.

THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

Some Interesting Facts About Excellent Local Organization.

The following interesting communication on the work of the Travellers' club has been submitted to The Miner and is gladly given place in our columns:

"We are asked What is the Scope of the Woman's Club? The growth of the club movement has in a way been slow and well considered. From the beginning high character has been the standard of our nation. Therefore, if it is to lead ambition power, strife for wealth, its principles should be intelligently and universally taught. They must be made a part of the child's early home education. The home and the school are the institutions in which the life and character of our nation is builded. The world has learned that literature is a vital element in the home and community; no influence may be stronger in the making of character. Through its influence Woman's Clubs were formed, through its influence women looked out on life with a keener vision and the work of God had given her to do.

"But her hands were weak and her brain reeled; for without effort and education, she was powerless. The intelligent planning and the intelligent result of the Sanitary Commission, originated and carried forward by women brought forth confidence, the welcome knowledge that they had brain and muscle, ability that had hitherto lain dormant.

"Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott effected the organization of the National Suffrage Association in 1848. Susan B. Anthony soon joined them and they began the formation of individual clubs. In 1859 the Minerva Club was founded in New Harmony, Indiana; but to Jennie June belongs the honor of organizing the first permanent Woman's Club—the Sorosis of New York City in 1868. Sorosis became a missionary to prominent women all over the world, in calling together a Congress of women in 1873 at Union Square Theatre. This Congress held meetings annually until superceded by the General Federation of Women's Clubs formed in New York at the Sorosis Club rooms in March, 1889.

"States began the agitation of State Federations—Maine being the first to organize in 1892. Pennsylvania was organized in 1895. At the last Federation 206 clubs were credited to Pennsylvania with a membership above 20,000. The clubs of the Federation of Pennsylvania Women are working for literature, libraries, civics, civil service reform, woman's suffrage, music and art, religion and philanthropy, free kindergartens, public playgrounds, village improvement, social hygiene, forestry and horticulture, pure food, domestic science and education. And education is the touchstone that makes all the rest possible.

"Fifteen thousand dollars is being raised to be devoted to a permanent scholarship at State College in Home Economics. This is in the hands of a competent committee who are devoting time and energy to its accomplishment. Homemaking and housekeeping constitute a business more perplexing, and difficult than any other known to modern life, and that is worthy the name of profession.

"We believe that "right living" should be the fourth "R" in education; that as the home foundation is built, all that is good and strong in state or individual; that illness results, from carelessness, unhealthful food or strong drink; that the care of children demand more study than the raising of chickens and that the most interesting study for woman is the home, for in it centers all the issues of life. But

The trouble I think with us all
Is the lack of a high conceit;
It each man thought
He was sent to the spot
To make it a bit more sweet
How soon we would gladden the world.
How easily right all wrong
If nobody shirked
And each one worked
To help his fellow along.

"The Travellers' Club of Smethport was organized in 1892 and has never looked backward since its organization. Its work commenced as a literary club, but year by year the vital questions occupying the minds of other club women have crept in and found lodgment in the heart of its members.

"Our club has a membership of forty-five comprising many of the representative women of the community. The club house purchased last year is to be repaired, making a large and commodious assembly room instead of the two medium sized rooms now in use. The country chosen for this year's travel and study is Scandinavia.

"Members of the club will have charge of the rest room at the McKean County Fair on Friday, Sept. 9th. The following members have been appointed to act as hostesses:

"From nine till eleven o'clock: Miss Choate, Miss Belver and Miss Anderson. From eleven o'clock till one p. m.: Mrs. Cheeseman, Mrs. Backus, Mrs. Specht and Mrs. Hogarth. From 1 o'clock till 3, Mrs. Brownell, Mrs. J. W. Bouton and Mrs. Heath. From 3 o'clock till close of fair, Mrs. Forsythe, Mrs. Gallup, Mrs. Chas. Gleason and Mrs. Gorton."

Pocketbook Lost.

Mrs. S. F. Redfield lost a gold chain pocket book containing about $7.00, including a Canadian $2 bill. Finder liberally rewarded by returning to S. F. Redfield.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

The Original of Squeers Died of a Broken Heart.

The grossest injury which Dickens ever inflicted on a fellow being was his too accurate portrait of an innocent man in his papers. That Yorkshire schoolmasters were, as a rule, cruel and wicked enough it is true, but the particular schoolmaster who was recognized and who recognized himself as the original Squeers seems to have been an exception to the rule.

It will be remembered that Dickens and his illustrator traveled together to the north of England for the purpose of collecting material for "Nicholeby" and especially for the Dotheboys episode. At Great Bridge they visited a boarding school known as Bowes academy. The master, William Shaw, received the strangers with some hauteur and did not as much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of penmaking during the interview.

Phiz sketched him in the act; Dickens described the act. The personal peculiarities of William Shaw were recognized in Squeers. Shaw became a butt of popular ridicule, lost his pupils and finally died of a broken heart. Yet there is abundant evidence to prove that he was a really excellent and kind hearted man, who was made to suffer for the misdeeds of his neighbors.—Exchange.

BOTH WANTED TO KNOW.

But the Beautiful Daughter Got the Better of the Contest.

"Maria," said the choleric father of a beautiful daughter, "who was that young fool who called on you last night and stayed until midnight? I want to know at once."

"You shall know in due time," said Maria, "but first I want to know something. Was he a young fool simply because he called on me?"

"What"—

"Or was he a young fool because he thought me attractive enough to talk to until midnight?"

"Why"—

"I suppose you think that any young man who comes to this house at all is a young fool, but why?"

"Now, see here"—

"Is it because there are so many girls who have sensible fathers that any young man who calls on the daughter of an ill natured old curmudgeon is a young fool?"

"For goodness' sake"—

"But I suppose (sob)—I ought to—(sob)—be grateful—(sob)—because you didn't call him a fool to his face for coming to see me. I know you despise me (boo-hoo-hoo), but"—

But Maria was talking to space. The choleric father had fled to the cyclone cellar.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Thirteener.

A nervous little man stepped briskly into a Euclid avenue jewelry store the other morning with a medium sized clock under his wing, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He placed the chronometer on the counter, turned the hands around to about one minute of 12 o'clock and told the expert behind the counter to listen. "It keeps perfect time," the customer said, "but I want to find out if you notice anything wrong with the way it strikes." The jeweler listened. "There's nothing wrong," he replied, with a grin after the clock had struck twelve, "except that she strikes thirteen, instead of twelve. That can easily be remedied." The customer looked as relieved as if he'd just awakened from a bad dream. "That's just what I've always thought ever since we've had the clock," he burst forth. "I've always felt sure it struck thirteen. But no one else in the family ever spoke of it, and I was afraid to say anything about it for fear there was something wrong with my own works. Well, it's worth the price of having the thing repaired just to find out I was right."

The Tears In Books.

It is not hard to understand why when a book makes you laugh, you want to read it, and to read it over and over again. But it is rather puzzling to find that one also enjoys reading and re-reading books that make one want to cry. What can there be in us that likes to be made to feel unhappy? In real life we don't try to do things that will make us suffer—not at all. But there are books that you cannot think of once you have read them without tears coming to your eyes, and yet you will find that you love those books perhaps more than any others.

To feel deeply is one of the best things in life, and there maybe lies the explanation of why we do love sad stories. They make us unhappy in a way, but they do not leave behind any bitterness or sense of personal loss. And they usually have a special beauty of their own.—St. Nicholas.

Trials of a Host.

"I suppose you will give some elaborate entertainments this season?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "I think we'll improve on those of last season."

"Weren't they all successful?"

"No. It was my fault. I tried to make everybody have a good time, and the first thing I knew mother and the girls were complaining because they weren't sufficiently high class and formal."—Washington Star.

Why He Stopped.

"You used to be an awful spend thrift."

"Yep. But I ain't any longer."

"Ah! Reformed?"

"No; spent it all."—Cleveland Leader.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Boiste.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

They Are Trained For Their Duties in a Regular Police School.

In Paris aspirants for positions in the detective force are taught in a regular school. Here day after day they are put through various exercises until they become proficient and receive appointments or show that they have not the detective instinct in them.

The students first are trained in the use of their eyes and their hands. One of the lessons consists in placing the pupil in a brilliantly lighted room full of furniture and ornaments. Then he is taken to another room and required to make a sketch of the room he just has left, indicating the position of all the objects in it. He is allowed to look at a face for a minute and then required to describe the color of the hair, the eyes, the general form, etc. He afterward is required to pick out a photograph of the face from among several hundred others.

In educating the hand the student is placed in a dark room in which are many curious and unusual objects. These he feels over and then writes a description of them. He must remember even the slightest details. One test is to let him handle gems in the dark and then tell what they are, whether diamonds, rubies or what not. This is, of course, an exercise for the more advanced pupils.

CHINESE PRINTING.

The Compositors Are Staid and Dignified and Never Rush.

A font of type in the Chinese language requires 11,000 spaces, and in the large and spacious rack each word, instead of each letter, as in English, has a place by itself. There is also a peculiar grouping or classification of symbols into groups to further facilitate the mental labors of the typesetters. Thus in the immediate vicinity of the symbol for fish would be found the symbols of scales, net, fins, tail, gills. This simplifies the labor, which in any event must be so strenuous that it is evident that the compositor's end of the Chinese newspaper should, if perfect justice ruled, be the highest paid.

The compositor is a staid and dignified individual, and as he slowly walks from symbol to symbol, picking up those which he requires with provoking calmness, the American compositor might well wonder when the work would be completed, and to set up the type required for a small four page daily favor the constant labors of [illegible] Chinamen are required for twelve or thirteen hours, the entire work in every department being the antipodes of the rush and whirl and marvelous celerity of the modern American publication.

He Obeyed Orders.

Old world domestics make the best possible servants because they work like machines, never forgetting an order and doing exactly as they are told, without presuming to think for themselves. But once in awhile this literal adherence to duty produces some awkward results. An American woman living in India, with native servants, once told her butler to see that there was always a napkin at the bottom of the fruit dish, cake basket, etc., when these were brought to the table. The napkin was then duly always seen in its place. But one day a tureen of vegetable soup was served, and the hostess began to wield the long, old fashioned silver ladle about in it. Something very like a fringed rag made its appearance in the first plateful. The ladle was summoned to remove the dish. "It cannot be that the [illegible] napkin at the bottom," he hazarded, much distressed because of this unexplained disappearance, "for I myself placed there the largest one I could find."

Queer Goldfish.

Beautiful and most interesting of all goldfish is a native of Japan, and it is noted for the beauty of its tail and the abnormal length of its fins. The tail resembles a delicate veil, and the fins are developed to such an extent that it is impossible for the fish to make rapid progress in the water. It is therefore solely on account of its beauty that it is prized and because in this respect it differs widely from other varieties of goldfish, such as the "telescope fish," the eyes of which bulge out of the head in most unsightly fashion; the "celesthal eyed fish," which is also uncomely because its eyes are butter shaped and are ever turned skyward, and the "egg fish," which is so called because its body is somewhat amorphous, but resembles an egg more than anything else.

His Impartiality.

Lord Lansdowne once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the house of lords. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Thoroughly Broken.

"Subster is a perfect husband."

"I never heard he was so wonderful."

"Well, every time he sees a mail box he feels in his pockets."—Buffalo Express.

There Was Fruit.

Jack—So you made efforts to win the rich heiress, were—ruthless, eh? Tom—Fruitless! Oh, no! I got the lemon.—Boston Transcript.

A RARE COIN.

It Is Called a "Misstrike" and Is Very Seldom Seen.

"See this penny I got today at the postoffice," said the cashier. "There aren't five other pennies like it in the United States."

He handed out a cent piece with the die impression half off the face of the coin and with a big half moon of blank metal showing along one side.

"They call it a misstrike," he continued. "Perhaps once in 10,000,000 times the two little notched fingers on the minting machines that grip the blank disk and draw it forward to the die fail to spring away. In this case the left hand finger stuck and pushed the coin halfway over the die. That is how the impression is only half on the disk.

"You can see the raised edge on the blank portion of the metal," the cashier went on as he took up his pen. "It isn't everybody knows that each coin goes under the dies twice. The first time it is struck with a blank, dome shaped set of dies to put an edge on the disk. Then it gets the regular die with the familiar head on it.

"What's it worth? Oh, I'll say probably $25 or so. I see it's been in circulation for nine years. It's a wonder some coin collector hasn't nabbed it. I'm going to keep it as a rarity."—New York Times.

SENSE OF HEARING.

Sound Waves and the Way They Act Upon the Ears.

The direction of the direction of a sound by the sense of hearing is like the rapid focusing of the eye on objects at different distances, one of those instinctive operations, which are continually done without any conscious method.

Sound waves traverse the air as ripples stir the water, and the ear by experience acquires some slight power of detecting the direction in one case, as the eye does with far greater accuracy in the other. Usually we unconsciously receive assistance from other senses as well. Often we fail to locate at once some hidden source of sound, such as a singing bird, and then our instinctive ingenuity displays itself.

The intensity of sound is, of course, by no means so great behind a screen as in front of it, and every one carries with him the screen of his own head, which may prevent a particular sound from being heard so well by one ear as by the other. If, then, the head is turned until this inequality disappears and both ears hear equally well we know that we must be directly facing or turned from the source of sound, and our previous rough idea of its whereabouts generally prompts us to face it.

Wind and Temper.

There is a closer connection between wind and temper than at first sight appears. A coldish wind has a bracing effect and, on the whole, is beneficial. In countries where hot winds occur periodically, on the other hand, these are regarded as a nuisance, if not a curse. Every one almost gets cross, weary and done up and has a headache daily. In Egypt the season when crimes are committed is when the hot khamsin blows. Nearly always during a severe sirocco the Arabs in Algeria were restless, if they did not attempt an actual rising. The solano, which now and then rushes across the Mediterranean in fiery blasts from Africa, upsets every one in Spain and is the worst wind in that country. And even in the Pearl of the Antilles the fierce hot wind is such a pest that it is recorded of a family living in Havana that they made it a rule in the household to preserve absolute silence until the wind disappeared. It was the only plan they could think of to avoid family quarrels.

Profane History.

"Pop!"

"Well, what is it now? If it's foolish question No. 9,697 I'll spank you and put you to bed."

"No, pop; I just want to know what is profane history."

"Profane history, eh? Well—it's—it's just a term to distinguish it from sacred history."

"But why is it called profane, pop?"

"How the—that is, how do I know! I suppose it—say, you know when little George Washington cut down his father's pet cherry tree?"

"Yes, pop."

"Well, what little Georgie's father said to little Georgie is profane history. I should think you could get your lessons without bothering me with your fool questions."—New York Times.

Encouraging.

A Philadelphia clergyman tells of an incident in connection with his first visit to a town in Pennsylvania, where he expected to be called as pastor.

While tramping along a dusty road he was so fortunate as to encounter a man in a wagon who gave him a lift. During the conversation that ensued between the two the divine chanced to ask:

"Do the folks hereabout enjoy religion?"

"I don't know exactly," replied his companion, "but I s'pose that them that has it enjoys it."

His Angel.

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine anything so beautiful as the angel in your picture? Artist—Got an engaged man to describe his fiancee to me.—Brooklyn Life.

Avarice is to the intellect and heart what sensuality is to the morals.—Jamieson.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

The Actress Spoiled a Scene, but Soothed the Angry Star.

There is a pretty story of Modjeska and a new leading woman who was to play the part of Elizabeth in Schiller's dreary play, "Mary Stuart."

The new leading woman, who was to assume the part of the red haired sovereign, was a beautiful young person whose acting experience had been limited to a few seasons in modern society plays. On the night of the first performance, in the most important scene of the drama, where the captive Mary confronts Elizabeth in Fotheringay park, all was not well. The new leading woman, wearing a wig for the first time in her career and looking uncomfortable in the high Elizabethan ruff, was ill at ease in the beginning, and losing one of the chief words and thereby the meter from her opening lines, she began to flounder and soon "dried up" completely.

This left Schiller's unhappy Mary standing in the center of the stage waiting to be adequately insulted. But Elizabeth's mind was a blank, madam could see that, and, jumping to her last speech, the curtain was brought down. Everybody on the stage was distressed. But instantly the beautiful young woman, disguised as the irate Elizabeth, rushed to the star's side and said:

"Dear madam, I am so sorry, but you know you do look so lovable in this part it was impossible for me to say those terrible things to you!"

For a second there was a mixed expression on Modjeska's face, and then she forgivingly patted the speaker's cheek and walked away.—Metropolitan Magazine.

THE STAGE DRINK.

Some Sarcastic Comments Upon Its Terrific Potency.

What we have always noticed about the stage drink is its terrific potency. That there are other points of interest in this thing we do not deny, and we are inclined to agree with a writer in one of the weekly papers who says that "our actors, even the best and most experienced of them, haven't the faintest notion of how to drink naturally and with the air of men who are enjoying the process." And we have frequently noted that curious unsyllable quality in the musical comedy drink. In this particular type of potation, which is set to music and which we may call the gay drink, the tireless gestures of the tipsy lord, who do not actually drink until they have waved the goblet upside down, have been known to make strong and thirsty gallerylites burst into tears, confounded with reproaches. When falsely accused Frederick suffers a momentary attack of depression and decides to set out for territories exclusively cauline he pours into a small liquor glass a little very pale brandy and, with a desperate cry of frenzy and despair, drinks it at one go. Sometimes it is half a glass of noncorporeal claret. But the result is the same. Falsely accused Frederick instantly starts his Apache dance with the grand pianoforte, and friends who believed in him, entering at that moment, say, "Good heavens, he's drunk!" The drink is potent. It cannot always be a case of weakness of head.—London Globe.

No Beggars In Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is a city of 500,000 inhabitants. During a week's stay I have seen no seller of matches or boot laces, no gutter merchant, no blind or other afflicted persons about the streets asking for alms—not one single sign of distress due to poverty. I have explored the artisans' quarters by day and late at night. There is not a single spot in the whole of Copenhagen that could be compared even remotely to the slums in our large towns. There are no unemployed hanging about the street corners, no unkempt women standing idly at the doors, no ragged and dirty children playing in the gutter. There are no dirty houses, with dirty or broken windows, mended with bits of paper, and a ragged apron or a torn bedcloth doing duty for a curtain.—Denmark Letter in London Express.

An Ancient Greek Relic.

As a memorial of their victory in their final and desperate struggle at Platea to hurl back the invading east the ancient Greeks made a tripod from the golden cups of the Persians' table and the bronze of their soldiers' armor. It bore on its sides the names of every city whose soldiers fought and fell in the supreme moment of a nation's life. That tripod still exists at Constantinople, a national relic which has endured longer than the states whose deeds it consecrated.

The Seventh Son.

"Yes," said the despondent man, "I was a seventh son."

"And didn't it bring you luck?" asked the superstitious one.

"Well, if being obliged to wear the castoff clothes of six other brothers is luck it did," replied the despondent man.—Philadelphia Record.

The Dear Friends.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? Fannie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes prop look graceful.

His Chance.

Little Boy—I want a dose of castor oil. Druggist—Do you want the kind you can't taste? Little Boy (anxious to get even)—No, sir; it's for mother.

Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.—Billings.

SAVED BY THE KING.

An Incident In the Career of Holbein, the Painter.

There happened an affair in England which might have been fatal to Holbein if the king had not protected him. On the report of his character a nobleman of the first quality wanted one day to see him when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein in answer begged his lordship to defer the honor of his visit to another day, which the nobleman took for an affront, so broke open the door and very rudely went upstairs. Holbein, hearing the noise, left his chamber and, meeting the lord at his door, fell into a violent passion and pushed him backward from the top of the stairs to the bottom.

Considering, however, immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised and made the best of his way to the king. The nobleman, much hurt, though not as much as he pretended, was there soon after him, and upon opening his grievance the king ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offense. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied with less than his life, upon which the king sternly replied:

"My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me. Whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, pray, my lord, that I can whenever I please make seven lords of seven plowmen, but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords."—"Life of Holbein."

WIDTH OF A RIVER.

A Way to Measure It Without the Use of Instruments.

It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of any ordinary stream or even of a good sized river, and here is the way to do it:

Select a part of the river bank where the grounds run back level behind you and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side. This will give you a visual sense that may be used on any level surface, and it, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand if necessary and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river, a distance that may readily be measured by stepping.

If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.

Short and Sweet.

Perhaps one of the shortest courtships was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town where he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and nine pence," was the answer as the girl walked on.

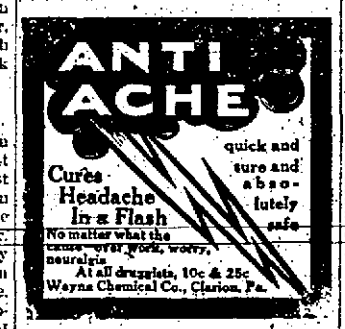
The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said "Yes."

"Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind, and they rode to the courthouse and were made one. It is recorded that, brief though the courtship had been, the marriage proved a preeminently happy one.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No matter what the cause—over work, worry, neuralgia
At all druggists, 10c & 25c
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Life, Fire & Accident
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W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

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Go to Brasted's For CUT
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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
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Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of
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ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received
A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging, Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.
May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

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FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries
Main Street Smethport, Pa.

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Ask for rates and guaranteed values.
The Equitable Life Assurance Society "Strongest in the world"
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SMETHPORT PENN'A

Have You Got Yours Yet?
There's every reason why you should. The sooner the better.
We Mean Occident Flour
And that is just what we mean when we talk FLOUR QUALITY. The Russell-Miller Milling Company offer—and we will fulfill their offer—to turn back money paid for OCCIDENT FLOUR if it doesn't prove the best the purchaser ever used. A pretty broad guarantee—BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO COME BACK FOR THE MONEY.
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When a woman speaks of her silent secret suffering she trusts you. Millions have bestowed this mark of confidence on Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. Everywhere there are women who bear witness to the wonder-working, curing-power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription —which saves the *suffering sex from pain*, and successfully grapples with woman's weaknesses and *stubborn ills*.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG
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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets induce mild natural bowel movement once a day.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right, Stock is Complete, Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING
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in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

ENAMELED WARE

Preserving Kettles, Fruit Jars, and everything for the canning Season.

W. B. MEANS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1910.

Local and General.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kohn, on Wednesday, August 24, 1910, a girl.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McDermitt, on Friday, August 26, 1910, a son.

—A new shingle roof is being placed on the Kushequa depot at this place.

—The residence of Mrs. Ellingsfeldt at the corner of Mechanic and King streets is being brightened by paint.

—The tie treating plant of the B., R. & P. railroad at Bradford is now in full operation. About one thousand ties are being treated to the creosoting process daily.

—The Kerwin window glass factory at Eldred was shut down on Wednesday of last week for the purpose of making needed repairs to the plant. A long run is promised next season.

—Tuesday morning Commissioner Peterson and Miss Edge, nurse at the County Home, took two unfortunates to the Warren Hospital for the Insane. One was Mrs. Bishop, an aged lady from Port Allegany, and the other was Seth Wheeler of Custer City.

—Carl R. Cosolowsky, aged 66 years died at his home in Bradford last Saturday, after a lingering illness of a form of paralysis. Deceased is survived by four daughters and two sons.

—Last week the Eldred Eagle entered upon its thirty-third year of existence. Under the guidance of Editor B. G. McFall the Eagle has taken its place in the front rank among newspapers of this section. Here's hoping for its continued prosperity in the future.

—A young man by the name of H. Lacie was arrested on Saturday for stealing a coat from one of the passenger coaches in the B. & O. yards on the same day. He was locked up until morning, but the man that owned the coat did not want to appear against him, but the Chief of Police said he was a vagrant and that he had ordered him to leave town on Friday, which he failed to do, so he was given thirty days in the county jail on that charge and was taken to Smethport this afternoon to serve the term. His hearing took place before Justice Gillis.—Monday's Kane Republican.

—While at work on a big trestle near Newton on the B., R. & P. last week, J. W. Miller of Lock Haven was struck by a stick of timber in such manner as to give him a severe scalp wound, batter up his nose and bruise his body to quite a serious degree. He was taken to his home to await recovery from the mishap.

—A Buffalo special of Aug. 27 says: A big touring car owned by George C. Priestly of Bartlesville, Okla., en route from Warren, Pa., his former home, to Buffalo, turned turtle on a road outside Buffalo yesterday afternoon. Two daughters, Hazel Priestly received a concussion of the brain, and Bessie Priestly received broken ribs. A son and the chauffeur escaped serious injury. The injured were picked up by Texan tourists and brought to the city.

—A new publication is to be launched in Corry called "Our Fraternities" which will cater to society events from the fraternal view point. It will be compact in size and issued daily. Much interest is being manifested in the publication, and it is thought that the wide field of usefulness opens before it. C. Gates Buell, former editorial writer in some of Buffalo's leading daily papers is responsible for the initative.

—Monday's Bradford Star-Record says: Clarence Strong, a Mt. Jewett man, had a hearing on Saturday afternoon on a charge of catching one brook trout which was under the legal size of six inches. He was fined $10 and costs, a total amount of $38.79. Strong was found on Chappell Fork on July 29 by State Fish Warden J. E. Conklin. The warden says that one trout 5½ inches long was found in the fisherman's hat. He also found 14 fish hidden in a clump of bushes and seven of that number were under legal size. Strong said that these fish did not belong to him." He was ordered to come to Bradford for a hearing, but failed to do so and was brought in by the warden and Constable Cline—a fact which accounts for the $38.79 in costs.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. James White of Clarion, Pa., on Aug. 13, a girl.

—The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store Saturday afternoon.

—The Lunden hotel of Mt. Jewett is to be torn down and in its stead a substantial brick hotel will be erected.

—The home of Ed. Joslyn of Roulette was partially destroyed by fire last Friday. It was the first work of the new fire company and this organization made a good showing.

—The plant of the Kane Blind and Screen company which was recently destroyed by fire is to be rebuilt in that place on a much larger scale.

—Frank S. Blair of Angelica, legal advisor to Hon. Frank S. Smith, receiver of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad company, died very suddenly of acute indigestion at the home of Dr. F. W. Warner in Angelica at 11 o'clock Monday night.

—The creation of an army of 40,000 notaries public has been authorized by the Post Office Department in accordance with legislation enacted during the past session of Congress. All carriers of the rural delivery mail service are now required by the department to execute vouchers for United States pensioners residing on their routes, for which service they are to receive 25 cents for each voucher executed.

—Neat signs have been placed at every cross-roads in Keating township which direct travelers in the right direction, and they are much appreciated by all who travel. This is in accordance with a state law and we regret to say that it has not been carried out in all parts of the county.

—That adults are as susceptible to infantile paralysis as children was demonstrated a week ago last Sunday by the death of Val Baker, aged 28 years, of Ulysses, who was undoubtedly the victim of that malady. He was taken with paralysis of all his limbs several days before his death and the symptom all resembled those of the new scourge.

—J. A. McKinnon of Kushequa, general passenger agent of the Kushequa railroad, who received the Oakland touring car given away by the Bradford Elks last Thursday, was in Smethport Saturday with his car, which cost him just 50 cents and the machine attracted considerable attention.

—Mrs. Hannah Kewley, aged 86 years and seven months, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Bell of Eldred on Tuesday of last week. She is survived by one sister, three children, 15 grandchildren, 10 great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren. The funeral was held last Thursday at Eldred.

—Charles Brower of Bradford, aged 76 years, was struck by a B., R. & P. passenger train while crossing the railroad bridge near the depot in that city Saturday night. He was taken to the Bradford hospital where it was necessary to amputate part of one of his feet, which was crushed by the accident.

—Monday's Bradford Star-Record says: The employes of the United Natural Gas company are trying to raise enough money to enable C. H. Adams, foreman for the company at Lamont station, to continue the search for his son, Edwin, who has been missing since last April. Mr. Adams has traveled over a wide range of country in following clues and has spent all of his savings in the search. The Bradford office of the company has a subscription paper and any person wishing to contribute a small sum to aid Mr. Adams in his search for his boy may leave it at the office of the United Natural Gas company.

—The Potter Enterprise says: R. J. Gaffney of Bradford, who is putting in an immense wood alcohol factory at Walton, has closed a deal for the Welfling farm and hotel property, located at the very seat of their operations. Th property purchased consists of 213 acres of farm land, the Walton hotel, a commodious structure with more than thirty rooms—twenty-five sleeping rooms—also the furniture, two horses, three cows, four yearling cattle, five pigs, chickens, harness and farming machinery. The property was owned by Charles and John Welfling of Abbott. The price paid for this valuable property was $7,100. Mr. Gaffney will use the hotel building for a boarding house for the large number of men they expect to employ.

—The work on the new macadam road, which connects with the Kendall valley macadam a short distance above the Colt farm, at Sawyer City, is progressing rapidly. The road has been completed and is in use as far east as Corwin Center. The rough stone has been placed to the Fisher farm, within a mile of the foot of Rew hill. The new road will probably be opened for travel by the first of October. The completion of another mile of macadam would afford the traveling public a fine road from the city line to the foot of Rew hill. This mile has not been provided for, however, and probably will not be macadamized for some time to come.—Bradford Star-Record.

A Rub For Tennyson.

When Alfred Tennyson appeared in the Oxford theater to receive his D. C. L. degree it is said that his disheveled hair and generally negligent state provoked the undergraduates into greeting him with the inquiry, "Did your mother call you early, call you early, Alfred, dear?"

First Printed Almanac.

The first printed almanac was the "Pro Pluribus Annis," issued at Vienna in 1457 by an astronomer named Purbach.

Parasite Flowers.

Curious excrescences resembling rude flowers grow on trees in Tierra del Fuego. These are found to be due to a parasitic growth, but the "flowers" consist of the inner wood of the tree which has been forced through the bark and assumes various fanciful shapes, often those of the classical acanthus, seen on Corinthian capitals. The parasite that causes the growth is a relative of the mistletoe.

New Brunswick Forests.

New Brunswick has about 8,000,000 acres of fir, spruce and pine.

Milk to Let.

English is sadly misused at times on the continent of Europe. One sign in Genoa, Italy, reads, "Dinner—Wine Inclosed," and another "Milk For Sale or to Let."

Lisbon and Fish.

It is estimated that every inhabitant of Lisbon eats half a pound of fish daily. The city has its fishing fleet of forty-six vessels, some of which go as far as the coast of Morocco, sixty miles away.

Salmon Skin Leather.

The inhabitants of the eastern coasts of the middle of Asia clothe themselves with the tanned skins of the salmon. It is asserted that it makes a leather as tough as wash leather.

The Game and the Candle.

Many expressions now in everyday use have originated around the card table, and "the game isn't worth the candle" is one of them. Before artificial lighting had reached its present high stage gamblers won and lost fortunes by candlelight. When play was slow and uninteresting the game, in the opinion of the players, was not worth the cost of the candle whose light made the cards visible.

Ultramarine.

Ultramarine is now furnished by chemistry at half the price of copper, whereas in the form of lapis lazuli in the days of Liebig it was dearer than gold.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

460-470 Main Street, Buffalo

40c Dinner { Plenty of Good Food Properly Cooked. *Daily—11.30 to 2.30*

H. A. MELDRUM COMPANY

Opening of the New Autumn Silks

Our first advertisement in your home paper this season chronicles an event of great interest to women—the opening of new Fall Silks.

The mode calls for clinging, drapery effects, and naturally we are well stocked with fabrics of that character.

Persian Silks for waists and trimmings.

Silk Marquisette—beautiful evening and street shades—ideal for the popular combination gowns. Satin and changeable effects, also.

Rich Black Silks of the best dye and weave, plentiful here.

Evening Gown Silks—most charming collection in our history.

Decide now—while the assortment's so widespread.

H. A. Meldrum Co., Buffalo

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1910.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor.
JOHN K. TENER,
of Washington County.

For Lieutenant Governor.
JOHN REYNOLDS,
of Bedford County.

For State Treasurer.
CHARLES FRED WRIGHT,
of Susquehanna County.

For Secy. of Internal Affairs.
HENRY HOUCH,
of Lebanon County.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

The New York Journal correctly remarks that the value of the country newspaper is based largely upon the facts that the man who reads it looks upon it as a neighbor and a friend, a personal acquaintance, and attaches to the printed statements and advertisements of the country newspaper far greater importance than the dweller in the big city attaches to the statements or the advertisements in the big city newspaper.

As one friend talking to another about certain kinds of goods can influence a friend more than a stranger, so a country newspaper standing on a footing of friendship with its readers, can talk to them about goods for sale or any other topic and impress them more strongly than the big metropolitan newspaper, which is really a stranger, an abstraction to its readers, can impress the metropolitan reader.

More than that, and infinitely more important is the part that the country newspaper or the small newspapers of the moderate sized city or town or village plays in national work.

Big newspapers in big cities are useful. But every honest newspaper is a member of a great police force. It is important for vigilant, active, well paid, newspaper policemen to be scattered in every corner of the country. It is very important that a reasonable income, generous recognition by advertisers, should make the loyal and hopeful independent of everything except its readers' wishes, as it is important that the local editor should be well paid—that he should be at least as well off financially as the average man in public office, whom he aids or defies, by whom he is feared.

McKean County Fair

(Continued from first Page)

tle, sheep and swine; also S. J. Whittaker of Hornell to act as judge of horses and starting judge. Both these gentlemen have officiated before and need no further introduction to our readers.

Tuesday, the opening day, will be devoted to having those attending the fair acquainted with the exhibits, which will far surpass anything ever before attempted. The cattle sheds will contain more blooded horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry than ever before on exhibition, and all grown by McKean county farmers. The exhibit of horses will be exceptionally large and already there are, at the fair grounds over twice as many high bred horses as there were on exhibition last year, the banner year, and more are arriving right along. The exhibit of agricultural products will be immense and the display of farm machinery, fancy work, school work and of enterprising McKean county business concerns will be immense; while the exhibit from the agricultural department of the State of Pennsylvania, under the grandstand, will surpass anything hitherto brought to this section. It will be in charge of an expert man, perhaps State Zoologist H. A. Surface, and will include spraying apparatus of all kinds, insecticides and fungicides, sprayed and unsprayed fruits, maps, charts and photographs. The man in charge of the exhibit will be prepared to explain the use of apparatus and chemicals, distribute literature, determine and identify specimens, prescribe treatment, etc., and will deliver lectures. A fine race program has been arranged for Tuesday which is as follows:

2:30 Trot ..... Purse $300
Farmers' race (no entry fee) .. .. Purse $ 25
Running race (½ mile) .. Purse $125

Wednesday the special train service will be put in operation which will enable persons from all over this section visiting the fair a special rate of a fare and a half for the round trip. All railroads entering Smethport, including the Coudersport & Port Allegany and B., R. & P. railroads have made special excursion rates of a fare and a half. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday there will be a special train put on by the K. & S. railroad which will permit people from Colegrove and intermediate stations visiting the fair, which will return after supper. A special train will leave for Eldred, Port Allegany and intermediate stations over the K. & S. railroad every evening at 6:20. Special train over Kushequa leaves for Mt. Jewett and intermediate stations at 5 p. m. Regular train, 5:10 p. m. for Bradford. Thursday evening special leaves for Olean, Bolivar and Shinglehouse over Shawmut railroad at 8 p. m. For Wednesday a special train service has been secured. Trains for Bradford, Mt. Jwett, Kane and Port Allegany will leave this borough at midnight.

Wednesday will be Firemen's Day, the convention of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association. The companies comprising the Bradford Volunteer Firemen's Association have signified their intention of coming with 150 men in uniform, by special train, and may be accompanied by a band. The companies of the Kane Fire Department are coming and may bring a band, while the fire departments of Mt. Jewett and Port Allegany are coming and the latter organization will wear for the first time their natty new uniforms. Besides the Smethport Fire Department will participate and companies from other towns may be here.

The proceedings will start with a grand parade of uniformed companies with apparatus and bands, at 10 a. m., and will terminate at the fair grounds when the following program will be carried out:

11:30 a. m. ..... Prize Drill
1:00 p. m. ..... Relay Race
1:30 p. m. ..... Hub and Hub Race
2:00 p. m. ..... Hose Race

At 7:00 p. m. the Spectacular Illuminated Parade of firemen and bands will take place on Main street, and at the conclusion of this parade the Grand Firemen's Ball at the Lyceum will take place.

Besides the firemen's events at the fair grounds the regular daily programs will be carried out, which will include the following racing events:

2:17 trot ..... Purse $300
2:22 pace ..... Purse $300
Running race (½ mile) .. Purse $125

Late trains will permit every one to enjoy the day's proceedings to the limit. Local business men are requested to decorate their business places on this day.

Thursday is Bradford and also Grange Day. In connection with the usual big features for Bradford Day, there will also be a ball game and athletic events for Grangers. The fair has secured as speakers for this day the Hon. W. F. Hill, Past Master of the State Grange, a fact that will create unusual interest among Grangers. In referring to Mr. Hill, Henry Rice, the well known Coryville granger, states in a communication to The Miner: "Past Master Hill has visited this county several times before, he organized the McKean County Pomona grange. When Mr. Hill was elected Master of the State Grange he took care of the grange work in the evenings after the day's work on the farm. When he left the office, the Order, under his guiding hand had increased its membership until several were employed to look after the office work. Theodore Roosevelt twice appointed Mr. Hill to represent the United States at the International Institute of Agriculture held in Rome. He is a president of the Grange Trust Company at Huntingdon. As a speaker he is forceful and eloquent. Everybody hear him in the grandstand just before the races.

The following race program has been prepared for this day:

2:22 trot ..... Purse $300
2:15 pace ..... Purse $300
Running race (½ mile) .. Purse 150

Friday will be High School Field Day, when the various high schools comprising the McKean County High School Athletic Association will meet in interesting athletic contests. Besides the interesting program prepared the following races will be run:

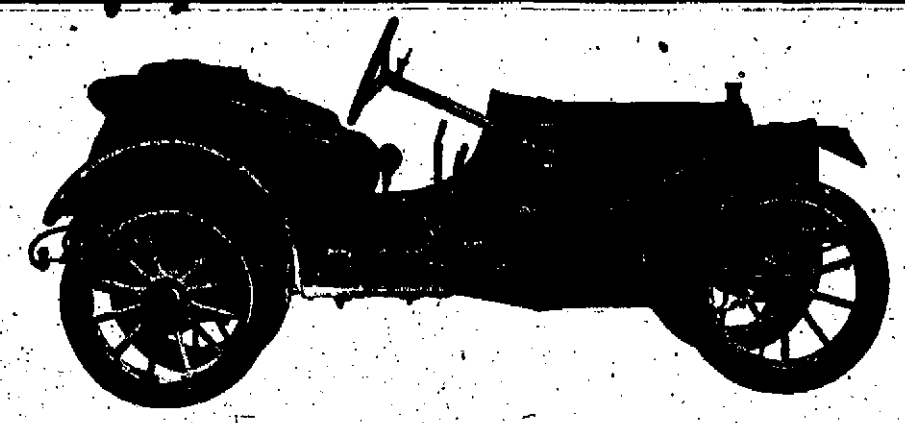
2:30 pace ..... Purse $300
3 yr. old Colt Trot or Pace, (½ mile heats) Purse $200
Running race (½ mile) .. Purse $125

On Friday the Empire 20 h. p. roadster, a picture of which appears in another column will be given away. This car has been doing yeoman service and is in as good condition as when purchased new several weeks ago.

There will be rest rooms and all conveniences and proper facilities for the accomodation of rigs and autos. No one need have any fear of loading a conveyance with their entire family from grandmother down to the baby for all will be properly taken care of.

Admission is 35 cents and season tickets for the four days sell for $1. If you have not secured your ticket yet you had best do so at once. You can secure them at the fair office and by getting them now you can avoid the rush at the last minute. The sale is large and only 4,000 are to be sold.

The K. & S. railroad will run trains from this borough every 15 minutes, at a fare of 10 cents.



THIS IS IT

20 h. p. 1910 Model, 4 Cylinder Empire Roadster to be Given Away at Local Fair Next Week

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. H. Morrison was in Bradford on business Monday.

L. L. Stillwell passed Sunday with friends in Roulette.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor Friday.

Mrs. G. L. Smith of Driftwood is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. A. Gallup.

Charles Masser left yesterday for a short visit with friends in Hamilton, Ohio.

Mrs. Sarah Blake of Eldred is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Miss Mary Conwell of Simpson was the guest of Miss Eugene McGowan this week.

Mrs. W. V. Provin and son, William, of Olean were Sunday visitors in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Misel of Emporium were calling on friends in this place Saturday.

Mrs. L. Steinhalk of Farmers Valley is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Hopper, this week.

Miss Hammar of Welch, W. Va., is visiting her brother, W. L. Hammar, and family this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove and daughter, Martha, returned Tuesday from a visit at Coudersport.

Miss Mabel Sherman who has been visiting Miss Juva Chadwick returned to her work in Warren, Pa., Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus, Mrs. C. B. Corwin and Mrs. Sarah Blake went to Bradford in the former's car, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus returned home Saturday from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Oneonta, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Coleman of Port Allegany were visiting relatives in this place from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce who has been the guest of Buffalo friends for the past three weeks returned home Monday evening.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin and son, Jack, returned Monday evening from Bradford where they have been for the past week.

Miss Lura Halsted of Paris, Ont., who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. W. Campbell, left for her home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave McCarthy of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Jerry McCarthy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gallup were Warren visitors the first of the week.

C. B. Dickinson spent Sunday with friends in Buffalo.

Miss Ellanorah Colegrove who has been the guest of relatives in Chipmonk, Pa., for the past few weeks has returned home.

John Engstrom of Jamestown, N. Y., was the guest of Smethport relatives a few days this week, returning to his home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sydney Burdick returned yesterday from a vacation trip which included Atlantic City, Washington and Mt. Vernon.

Miss Bertha Johnson who has been visiting friends in this place for the past week returned to her home in Jamestown, N. Y., yesterday.

Ben Schooler, who has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Schooler for the past week, returned to Rochester, N. Y., Monday.

Mrs. F. M. Spanogle and children who have been visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner, for some time, left for their home in North Girard, Pa., Saturday.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle and Ed Walker automobiled to Shinglehouse, Olean and Allegany last Friday in the Camp automobile.

W. L. Hammar of Rivera, Texas, is spending a few days here with his wife and family. "Billy" is developing a farm down there and is now a sunburned, horny-handed son of toil. He is well pleased with farming in the South.

Disguises Hands Always Bad.

"[illegible] a handwriting expert, that is no more read as the writer. A disguised hand always tries to be [illegible] that the real hand. That axiom is a great help to us experts. For instance, when a letter done in a disguised hand is brought to us we always know that the writer of the letter is in a higher station than the hand would lead us to infer; hence in our daily [illegible] we are able to save much valuable time by eliminating all persons socially below the appearance of the letter and concentrating our attention on those only who are above it."

Embarrassing.

"Paw, I want to know what you think the fourth dimension is."

"It's a figure of speech, Tommy, employed to express the idea of the size to which a man feels himself shrinking when the pastor of his church happens to call him to the act of making a call [illegible]."—Chicago [illegible]

Brain fag

Night work—over work—head pains and throbs, neuralgic and sympathetic pains

"Cured in a flash" by

ANTI-ACHE

Nail all after-effects. Does not affect the heart. Two sizes—10c & 25c—All druggists. Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Tell Me

YOUR WANTS

And you will be surprised at the low price of my SINKS, TUBS, ETC. Second door from the POST OFFICE.

E. W. STRONG

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

Hats Hats Hats

First showing of Stetson and Miller-Allaire New Fall Hats.

$1.00, $2.00, 3.00, 3.50 AND $4.00 Styles.

A good assortment

H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT

INNER TUBES

FULL VALUE

Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

Automobile Tire Repairing, New Tires and Supplies always in Stock.

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.

SMETHPORT, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

SEPTEMBER AT THE SEASHORE.

REDUCED FARES ACCOUNT G.A.R. ENCAMPMENT.

The rolling ocean with its boundless prospects is ever interesting; but at no time is it more enticing than during the month of September. The bathing is at its best. The sailing is ideal. The salt sea air is charged with increased invigoration, and there is a geniality about it unknown during the torrid days of summer.

Atlantic City, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Stone Harbor, Anglesea, Wildwood, Hollo Beach, Wildwood Crest, and Cape May are all prepared to entertain with exceptional hospitality all guests who may come. The hotels are less crowded and more comfortable, the service is better, and in most instances the rates are lower.

The train service of the Pennsylvania Railroad to all these resorts will be found convenient and comprehensive.

Excursion tickets to Atlantic City will be sold at reduced fares on September 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, on account of the G. A. R. National Encampment, good returning to reach original starting point not later than September 28. For stop-over privileges and extension of return limit, to October 28, consult Ticket Agents.

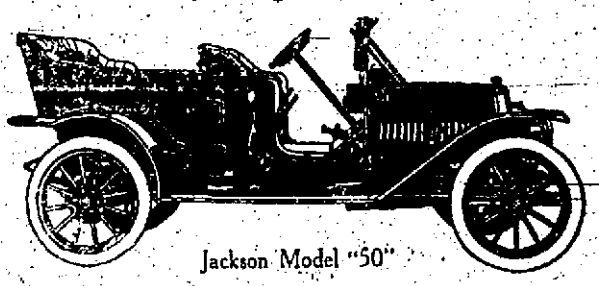
Unusual enjoyment awaits the September sojourner by the sea.

Smethport Garage

WILL BE OPEN FOR BUSINESS

SEPT. 1, 1910,

In the Rooney barn on Water Street, west of Smethport Bottling Works, and solicit the patronage of autoists. Difficult Repairing a Specialty.



Jackson Model "50"

D. B. WASSON, Agent for

Sterns Jackson and Fuller Automobiles

SMETHPORT, PA.

The Lindholm Company,

Mc Call's Patterns

MID-SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

CLOSES

SATURDAY EVENING AUGUST 27th

All Sale Goods will be Sold at the Regular Prices after This Week. Come to-morrow and Saturday for low prices on all summer good. You can save half in most all lines.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

De Laval CREAM Separators

The Dairymans Friend And Money Maker

—FOR SALE AT—

Daly & Garlick's

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter,

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1910.

Local and General.

—McKean County Fair next week.

—Note the new advertisement for D. M. Basted this week.

—Read the new advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

—A number of young ladies of this place have formed a pedestrian club.

—Several young people attended the dance at Port Allegany last evening.

—H. W. Rubin, the reliable clothier has a change of advertisement this week.

—Secure your season tickets for the fair next week immediately and avoid the rush.

—The Berney-Bond bottle factory in this borough will resume operations September 12.

—A cment walk has been laid in front of the residence of Byron Badger on East street.

—Attention is called to the change of advertisement of The Lindholm Co. in another column.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Brinnan entertained a number of friends at a corn roast last evening.

—A cement walk has been laid in front of the residence of Mrs. Eliza Sherer on East street.

—Born to Dr. and Mrs. Roswell Sartwell, at the Bradford hospital, on August 31, 1910, a son.

—Mrs. M. O'Reilly who was taken seriously ill while on a pleasure trip to Conneaut Lake is much improved.

—Wm. Halpenny and family have moved from the W. F. Specht house on King street to the flat over W. B. Means' store.

—George A. Denning purchased the J. A. Hall property on High street which was sold at public auction, on Tuesday. The price was $400.

—Mrs. Rex Stark of this borough was taken to Kane Monday and lodged in the hospital at that place for treatment. Mrs. Stark's condition has been such that a surgical operation may have to be performed.

—Mrs. H. H. Redfield entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—John Dugan, the aged father of Rev. J. F. Dugan, who has been seriously ill at the home of his son, is convalescent.

—Ridgway is to have a "Booster Day" Sept. 27. The movement of holding these days is growing among surrounding towns.

—Mrs. D. C. Young is holding a house party at Pine Grove farm at Farmers Valley. A number of ladies are her guests.

—Miss Rachl Mayo gave a brilige whist party for a large number of ladies Tuesday afternoon at her home on West Main street.

—Harriet, the 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jones, fell from a lumber pile near the jail Sunday and sprained her leg quite badly.

—James Quirk, of the Lyceum, is erecting a substantial bill board around the corner of the business lot owned by D. C. Young on Main street.

—Burgess Cleveland played the role of patrolman Sunday by picking up an intoxicated Scandinavian and placing him in the borough jord unassisted.

—The strike among workmen at the B. & S. railroad shops at Galeton which has been running since Oct. 6, 1909, has been settled and the men have returned to work.

—D. M. Cooper and family of Backus are moving into the W. F. Specht house on King street. Mr. Cooper will be employed by R. W. Hilton as general manager of his interests. Mr. Cooper and family have many friends here who will welcome them to Smethport.

—The borough schools open Sept. 12. Stanley Bright of New Castle, the new High School principal is here and he and Mrs. Bright have got nicely settled in the Greer house on Green street, formerly occupied by Prof. T. T. Allen.

—A neatly finished monument has just been placed in Rose Hill cemetery on the lot of R. H. Duntley to the memory of his father and mother. The work was furnished by Foley Bros. Co. of Olean, monument builders.

—Wm. Havriger who has conducted the Grand Central barber shop for several months past has closed that shop and it is understood that he will move his business to Port Allegany.

—One of the biggest firemen's gatherings ever held in this section will be the reunion of the McKean Co. Vol. Firemen's Association in this borough next Wednesday. A complete program will be found in the account of the fair in another column.

—The Fair Association wants 25 boys over 18 years or men to act as ticket takers at the fair next week. $1 per day will be paid. Applicati n should be made to Henry J. Rice at the fair grounds Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock.

—A number of improvements are being made about the livery barn of E. W. Jones. The former approach to the doors of the barn which was constructed of plank, has been torn out and is being filled in with stone and earth.

—The VanCuren High Explosive company of Bolivar has just been incorporated with the Secretary of State at an authorized capital of $20,000. The company will succeed VanCuren Bros. & Care as manufacturers and dealers in nitro-glycerine, dynamite, dynamite caps, fuse and stump powder.

—A. H. Kidder of this borough has been awarded the contract for erecting a school house at the new Goodyear lumber town. His bid of $2,400 was the lowest of several received. The structure will be erected on plans drawn by Architect Brickel of Bradford and work will be started in the near future.

—Harold McCarthy expects to leave this morning for Kane where he will undergo an examination and a slight surgical operation at the hands of Dr. Kane for the purpose of removing a small particle of splintered bone which is lodged in his lower jaw, caused by the fractures he sustained to the member in the Main street automobile accident.

—The work of decorating Smethport business places for fair week has already been started. Business men are requested to decorate their places for Wednesday for the parades and proceedings attendant with the reunion of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's Association to be held on that day.

—Harry Haley and wife of Bradford arrived in town last evening with the intention of taking up their residence here. The Miner understands that he will open the Grand Central barber shop at once. Mr. Haley has hosts of friends in this place who will be pleased to welcome him and Mrs. Haley as future Smethport residents.

—The Stark family reunion was held at Beechwood park, at Burtville, near Port Allegany, yesterday afternoon. About 95 members of this family residing in this section were present and this year's reunion was one of the most successful ever held. The day was spent in a most delightful manner by the large host assembled and in the evening dancing was indulged in to a late hour.

—Mrs. W. A. Anderter was taken to Bradford on Wednesday of last week in R. E. Burdick's automobile and lodged in the Bradford hospital. On Friday she underwent an operation at that institution at which Dr. Clark of this borough, the attending physician, was present. While the operation was quite a critical one, it was highly successful and the early convalescence of the patient is confidently expected, all of which will be pleasing news to her hosts of friends.

—Dr. W. A. Ostrander has had a new cement walk laid along his lot on East Main street.

—Bids for the new federal postoffice building to be erected in Bradford in the near future were opened in Washington during the past week and it was found that Wm. Hanley of Bradford was the lowest bidder. His bid for the construction of the building on the specified plans was $54,780.

—Chief of Police McCarthy and Officer Foote arrested two intoxicated wood "hicks" from the Goodyear lumber operations at Norwich, Sunday afternoon and placed them in captivity in the borough bastile. The men were making themselves obnoxious about the streets and as a consequence were compelled to do penance in the borough prison until Monday morning when they were released by Burgess Cleveland upon the payment of a conventional fine.

—A man and woman were brought to this place from Bradford the latter part of last week and lodged in the county jail in this borough to await the next term of criminal court. The couple indulged in a set-to in Bradford during the Elks convention, which resulted in the woman swearing out a warrant against the man charging him with assault and battery and of ruining some costly articles of wearing apparel. The man retaliated by having the woman arrested, charging her with having slashed him on the leg with a razor. The woman possesses a large wardrobe of costly garments and it is reported that she eloped from a good home in Rochester N. Y., recntly.

—At th Grange picnic held last week the following prizes were awarded: Hop, Skip & Jump, 1st prize, Howard Acre, watch; 2nd prize, W. Finn, razor. Sack race, 1st prize, Howard Acre, knife; 2nd prize, C. Slmar, razor strop. Broad jump, 1st prize, Howard Acre, ha'r light; 2nd prize, Bruce Stull, watch fob. Potato race (ladies), 1st prize Miss Letha Stull, carving set; 2nd prize, Miss Minnie Wright, salad bowl. Peanut race (ladies), 1st prize, Mrs. Anna Sharks, hammock; 2nd prize, Miss Eva Stull, water set.

—Maguire, the diminutive jockey who formerly rode Gladys McConnell, the Buffalo running horse, which was entered at the Smethport fair for several consecutive seasons, on which occasions she always carried away first money in every event she was entered, running her last race at the fair here several years ago, when she suddenly went lame, was thrown from a horse which he was riding at the Wellsville fair last Friday afternoon, and sustained severe injuries. He was taken to the Wellsville hospital where it was found that his injuries were such as to make his recovery doubtful. During his visits to Smethport the young man made many acquaintances here and was expected to ride at the local fair next week.

—At no time in the history of the world has more thought been given to the problems of child life than now. The child is the central psychologic study. His problems are no longer those of the anxious mother and the faithful nurse, supplemented by the sympathetic thought of the family physician; the are the problems of the most advanced educators, physicians, scientists and economists. Most significent still is the growing conception that the child is the ward of the state. He no longer belongs solely to the home. Th Spartan idea has been revived, though, fortunately, deprived of its harshness by broader conceptions of obligation; while the State and the medical profession now claim the substantial right to assist in regulating the child's life, to violate no sacred right of the home, and this is as it should be.—Rose Pendleton Chiles, in The Forum.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids for the construction of sewers on Allegheny, Pine and Nelson streets, in Smethport, Pa., will be received by J. W. Waite, of said place, Chairman of the Sewer Committee of the Borough of Smethport, until eight o'clock p. m., Saturday, Sept. 10th, 1910.

Plans and specifications for said work, may be had by inquiring of J. W. Waite.

Each bid must be accompanied by certified check for $25.00 payable to the order of the Borough of Smethport and to be forfeited to said Borough, in case of the failure of the party bidding on said work to enter into contract with said borough according to the terms of his bid, within 5 days after notice to him that his bid has been accepted and the contract awarded to him. The Borough reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

J. W. WAITE,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
Sewer Committee of the Borough of Smethport. Aug. 25-2t.

Girl Wanted.

For general housework at John Hewitt's farm. 'Phone 24-13.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

WM. MONHEIMER.

A CHANCE

to get a trunk at cost and some

BELOW Cost Price

Because we are going to quit carrying

TRUNKS

You can buy here—as long as they last (we have only 10 trunks left)

$5.00 trunks at $3.25
6.50 " " 4.90
7.50 & 8.50 " " 6.00

These trunks are solid throughout have brass trimmings, two leather straps hide and fibre bound, one and two inside trays and Yale Locks.

Splendid trunks for so little money.

MONHEIMER'S.

FRY & COMES

OUTING FLANNELS
FLANNELETTES
FLEECED DOWN

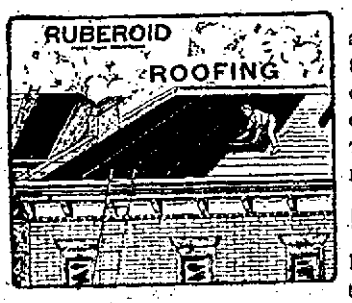
The new fleeced cottons for fall are ready for you now. Cooler days and nights will soon demand the warmth and comfort of Outing Nights Gowns—Flannelette Wrappers—Kimonas—Dressing Sacques, etc.,

Nowhere can you find a more complete stock of the newest patterns of standard makes than this store is showing—prices too you find as low as the lowest.

1921 Outings 10c Daisy Flannels 11c
Armure Flannelettes 15c Arnold Superfine Flannelettes 15c
Duckling & Veloset Fleeces 15c.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT, - - - PENN'A.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another one that will profit the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

EDISON Phonograph as HOME ENTERTAINER.

It affords pleasure at all times to both young and old, and no home is complete without one. Our stock of records is the largest in the city and is of endless variety, of over Five Thousand selections.

Our "Easy payment Plan" makes it possible for any family to own one of these wonderful entertainers.

It brightens the home and brings happiness to both young and old.

Edison Phonographs $15.00 and up.
" Amberole records 50c each,
" Standard " 35c "
Catalogue free upon request.
Come in and let us explain our "Easy payment Plan."

Palace Pharmacy,
Headquarters for Talking Machines, records and supplies.

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD
WE CARRY
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE BEST MAN.

It Was a Thrilling Episode That Enabled Polly to Decide.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

I shall never forget that summer, the most important season of my life. David was then twenty-five, tall and straight as an arrow, cool of disposition, never flustered, while I was not only full of whims, but impulsive and never certain of doing the right thing at the right time.

I had known him since I was a little girl and had always looked up to him as something too far above such a chit as I. Cyril Marston I did not meet till that eventful summer, but as soon as he saw me it was plain that I had made an impression.

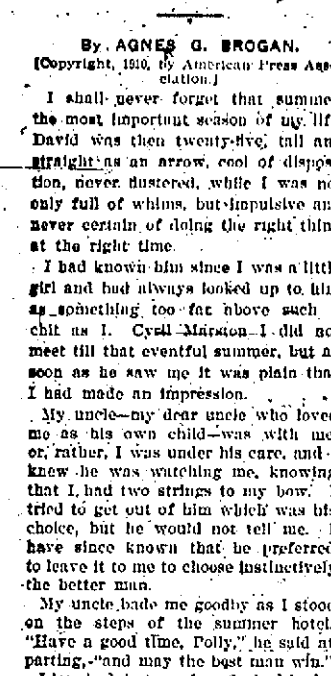
My uncle—my dear uncle who loved me as his own child—was with me, or, rather, I was under his care, and I knew he was watching me, knowing that I had two strings to my bow. I tried to get out of him which was his choice, but he would not tell me. I have since known that he preferred to leave it to me to choose instinctively the better man.

My uncle bade me goodby as I stood on the steps of the summer hotel. "Have a good time, Polly," he said at parting, "and may the best man win."

I laughed, but my face flushed hotly, and when uncle had gone I sat there upon the veranda thinking things over. You see, David had been asking me to marry him both in and out of season for a long time, but why hurry to decide so important a question, for David would always be waiting patient and faithful, immovable as the sphinx.

So through this one long summer vacation at least I determined to think no more of the vexing question of marrying or giving in marriage, and then Cyril Marsden appeared on the scene.

It was very gratifying, I must admit, to be the one chosen above all others by a man so greatly admired, and we were soon jolly good compan-



THEN I SAW DAVID'S TALL FIGURE.

ions, he and I, always enjoying together the little excursions and fetes which the guests had planned.

This beautiful green country nestling close to the hills with its great blue lake sparkling in the sunshine or silvering in the moonlight was to me a new and enchanted land, while the dull and crowded city, so lately left behind, seemed but a memory, and David with his grave and kindly face had grown to be—a part of the memory.

"May the best man win," my uncle had said. "The best man," I repeated wonderingly, then, looking up, saw David himself standing before me.

"You!" I exclaimed, and my tone expressed only consternation, for Cyril was to take me in his motorboat that very afternoon to a yacht race—why, I was wearing the launch club colors in honor of the occasion—and it seemed rather inconsiderate of David to thus appear without one line of announcement.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "it is I. You do not seem pleased to see me, Polly?"

"If I had known that you were coming," I answered flippantly, "I would have met you with a brass band. As it is"—

David's face grew very stern. "Yes," he said questioningly, "as it is?"

"I have made another engagement for this afternoon," I finished.

David studied me reprovingly: "Then, Polly," he said slowly, "I will not stay to interrupt your plans."

His glance followed mine down the roadway, where Cyril Marsden came swinging along looking very handsome in his yachting flannels.

David barely acknowledged the introduction as I presented the two men, but Cyril was charming and gracious as ever, and thoughtfully invited David to accompany us on our pleasure trip—an invitation which was curtly refused.

"Goodby, Polly," David said in a low voice. "I think that I understand everything now."

That summer upon the lake shore was one round of gayety, but I did not see or hear from David again.

It was after we had returned to the city that Cyril disappointed my summer time friends by proving that upon his part at least ours had not been an idle flirtation, for he asked that world old question, and, listening, I thrilled at the beauty of his language.

He had driven me about in his electric as I stopped one glorious morning, and we stopped to dine at a restaurant on the ninth floor of a great department store building.

It was when we had settled ourselves in a secluded corner that my roving eyes fell upon David. He had evidently finished his meal and was leaning back wearily.

How white and thin he looked. Working steadily all summer without rest or recreation had been too hard on him.

The pianist began to play something weird and sad, and the violin joined in sobbingly. I looked down upon my corsage boquet of white violets tied with silken cord, and resentment rose within me at the thought that with all his unceasing labor David could not hope to buy the violets which Cyril bestowed so lavishly.

Then above the hum of conversation, even above the crash of the music, I became conscious of an air of subdued excitement. The little waitresses hurried about with white and frightened faces, men talked quietly together then hastened from the room.

"What is it?" I asked of Cyril, and he went to see.

Presently he beckoned me from the doorway. "Something is wrong," he said nervously. "We had better get out."

But as we made our way to the elevators we found them already surrounded by a crowd pushing and struggling recklessly to get nearer the iron doors, clerks hurried down the narrow stairway, disorder and confusion prevailed.

Then I saw David's tall figure. He had been speaking to one of the managers. Now his voice rang out clearly, convincingly:

"There is no cause to be alarmed," he said. "A slight fire in the front part of the building will soon be under control. The one great danger to be averted at this time is a panic. The elevators can easily carry every one here to safety in a short time; coolness and obedience are all that is required."

He went about quickly, and with the aid of men who followed his directions long lines were formed reaching to the doors of the elevators, which worked swiftly as the orderly rows of people moved slowly forward or patiently awaited their turn.

There was no sound within now save David's voice encouraging, reassuring. Cyril clutched my arm frantically. "We will be next," he exclaimed. "Make a rush for it."

Then David approached: "Polly," he said very gently, "I am glad that you are near the door."

"Just two more," called the elevator man as Cyril hurried me forward. We had entered the car, when I saw a woman look up at Cyril beseechingly and then step back in sudden disappointment. She had a little child in her arms.

Then it all happened very quickly—the woman had my place in the elevator, the iron door clanged shut, and I stood coughing a little with the smoke and smiling up at David.

"Oh, Polly," he said sternly, "why did you do that?"

And I slipped my hand through his arm and answered honestly, "I did it, David, because I could not bear to be outside while you were here, and I am going to stay with you to the last."

I have read in stories of faces being illuminated, and I understood the full meaning of the word as I looked at David now.

He did not speak, but held me close to his side as our life saver came flying up again. The people were growing unruly now, and pressed forward roughly.

Suddenly David lifted me in his arms, the iron doors closed again, and this time I was going down, down with the fortunate ones to safety.

As we came out into the fresh air and were led to a place beyond the protecting rope a cheer went up from the crowd, and I raised my smoke smarting eyes to the windows of the ninth story, where little tongues of flame leaped and curled.

Sick with fear I waited, knowing that David would be the last person to leave the burning floor. From time to time faint cheers sounded as the elevators unloaded their precious burdens, then with a wild and glaring light the flames burst forth unrestrained. Tremblingly I covered my face, but soon a mighty resounding cheer seemed to shake the earth. "All out safely," called a triumphant voice, and the people all about were telling excitedly of the presence of mind and the bravery of the man who prevented a panic.

"Who is he?" asked a young man who stood near with notebook and pencil in hand.

And I heard myself answering him proudly, almost unconsciously, "He is David Gray," I said, "the man I am going to marry." Then I turned to find David's eyes looking into mine.

"Come, Polly," he said softly and hastily drew me away.—As we walked down a quiet side street I looked up into his dear grimy face with its tired lines.

"David," I asked reproachfully, "why did you not let me stay with you up there until the last?"

"Because, Polly," he answered, with a puppy, boyish laugh, "I wanted you to stay with me down here until the last."

And that is how we became engaged

TESTNG FIRE CLAY.

The Most Practical Method Is to Literally Eat It.

Fire clay has been in use for centuries, and yet I believe the industry is one which lacks definite laws more than any other, including those which are either modern or recent and of less prominence. You can go to a manufacturer of steel and specify what you want by actual figures or statements and you can check the product by chemical analysis or mechanical tests and thus make sure you get what you need. The producer knows how to combine certain elements and what quantities of various kinds to combine in order to get a result at least very closely approaching what you call for, but not so in the fire clay business. In the past the most skilled and highest salaried chemists have been employed to make tests, to promote and carry through investigations on the natural product and to study the workings of certain manufactured and elaborated articles derived therefrom. The result has been, generally speaking, confusion worse confounded. Two professors, working at similar times on brick or clay obtained from the same source and manufactured under exactly equal conditions, have recorded diametrically opposed conclusions! The same scientists at different periods have reached vastly varying conclusions when testing identical qualities and shapes of bricks, so can you wonder if a prominent fire clay manufacturer should exclaim, as I heard one on an occasion after having the above experience, "All tests of fire clay are empirical, and I would sooner trust our superintendent to pick and select his clays in the old fashioned way than pay a high fee for a highbrow's recommendations?" The chief method of testing fire clay by a practical man is literally to eat it. He can detect grit and sand best by that method, and a good fire clay (free from silica, quartzite or flint clay) is free from grit. His only other personal test is by experiment.—Engineering Magazine.

A CHINESE BANQUET.

Culinary Mysteries That Bewildered an Englishwoman.

One moment we were eating ducks' eggs whose blackened, lime flavored whites indicated that their age was unimpeachable; the next we were grappling with sea weeds, macaroni and the slippery sharks' fins that eluded our clumsily manipulated sticks. Now we tackled—not without fear—unknown meats and vegetables cooked in sugar, fresh shrimps, mushrooms from Mongolia, young bamboo sprouts, pigeons' eggs and a hundred different foreign tasting messes. Then clean plates were given to us, and bowls of sickly pink syrup, sweet potato and Indian corn cakes of dusky hue were set before each one. These were only crevice fillers and concluded the first and lighter portion of the repast. Now came the real substantial meat, where, in every dish had an accompaniment of smaller ones, containing gravies, etc., in which to dip the morsel taken from the central bowl.

There was stewed duck cooked without salt; roast sucking pig, forcemeat balls and chicken; there were soups of birds' nest, of mushroom, of vegetables and of sea slugs. There was grilled fresh water fish, which, according to custom, was helped from the top side only, for the Chinese remembers his servant. And, finally, at the conclusion the inevitable small bowl of rice and rice water was set before each person.

After some three hours, with a feeling of thankfulness that all was over, pipes, cigarettes and tea were served, and it seemed to me that the delicious aroma which rose from the latter soothed our senses and almost dispelled the antipathy that had been growing on us for all things Chinese.—Mary Moore in London Express.

The Kind Needed.

"Dear me," said the first young woman, taking her initial lesson in golf, "what shall I do now? This ball is in a hole!"

"Well, let me see," said her companion, rapidly turning the leaves of a book of instructions. "I presume you will have to take a stick of the right shape to get it out."

"Oh, yes; of course," was the somewhat cynical reply. "Well, see if you can find one shaped like a dustpan and brush."—New York Tribune.

Kissing In Iceland.

Among old time laws against kissing those of Iceland appear to have been the most severe. Banishment was the penalty laid down for kissing another man's wife, either with or without her consent. The same punishment was enforced for kissing an unmarried woman against her will, if it could be proved that she had consented to be kissed the offender was still liable to a fine of a great quantity of cloth for each offense.

A Startling Reply.

An English country bookseller sent to London for a copy of a book called "Happy Husbands." The work was out of print, but the wholesale agent certainly might have intimated the fact differently. He replied that "There are no 'Happy Husbands' in London."—London Tit-Bits.

Best Intentions.

Mamma—Johnny, what is the baby yelling about? Johnny—Nothin', I jest took his milk and showed him how to drink it.—Cleveland Leader.

Learn to say "No," and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Spurgeon.

A QUICKSAND.

Wishing to Avoid One, She Stepped on Another.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER.

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When Helen White went abroad she bade adieu to her betrothed in these words:

"If anything happens to me, Joe, so that I never return I suppose you'll have another girl within six months."

"Oh, that's too long; make it three."

"You'll never be serious about anything."

"There are some things I don't wish to be serious about. It isn't best to go through the world thinking about what may happen. The happenings come soon enough without looking ahead for them. Besides, those we expect are apt not to come. It is those we don't look for that do come."

"You don't look ahead enough. I prefer before putting my foot down to see that I don't put it on a quicksand."

"And while you are looking for a safe place to step some one else will get ahead of you."

Helen started. It seemed there was something in these last words that had an especial meaning for her. They were standing near the gangway of an ocean liner among a crowd of those who were going on the ship and those who were going ashore. Joe Baxter held her hand in his for a moment, pressed it, looked feelingly into her eyes, turned and went ashore.

"I wish," she said to herself, "I hadn't undertaken it. But since I have I will not give it up."

Helen had been abroad a month when her letters to those at home, including her betrothed, suddenly ceased. The last one received was from Rome. She was an orphan with no very near relatives. Joe Baxter was far nearer to her than any other living person, and when a suspicion arose that she had been made away with he went abroad to look for her.

This, besides suffering the natural anxiety of a lover, was a hardship

"HAVE YOU STOOD THE TEST?"

He was without means and endeavoring to make a place for himself in his profession. He could neither afford the time nor the money to make the trip. Nevertheless he used both, feeling it his duty as well as impelled by his feelings to go.

Helen had accused him of not looking ahead. Before sailing he showed the injustice of the accusation. He looked into her affairs. It might be necessary for him to spend considerable money on her account. For instance, suppose she had been captured by bandits and a ransom was demanded. He found that she possessed property producing a fair income, but before leaving she had made no provision whatever, so far as he could learn, in case of her death. She had simply directed her bankers to send her the income as it was paid to them as her agents. It would therefore be impossible for Baxter to raise any funds for her use.

Thirteen days must elapse before he could reach the place where she had been last seen. On the steamer he made the acquaintance of an elderly American gentleman, to whom he told the object of his visit to Italy. This gentleman, Mr. Alexander, realizing that Baxter needed to have his mind diverted from his trouble, introduced him to his wife and daughter, a girl of twenty. Mr. Alexander also offered in case a sum of money larger than Baxter could command was needed for purposes of investigation or ransom to advance the amount, looking to Helen White's estate for reimbursement.

The Alexanders took a deep interest in Baxter's mission and when they reached Rome and he began his inquiries were eager to hear what he learned. He found the hotel where Helen had stopped and her trunk, which she had left locked, and it had remained locked. She had gone alone one morning to Frascati, on the hills some dozen miles from Rome. There she was seen in the Aldo Brandini gardens, formerly the residence of Pope Clement VIII. Later she was reported walking on the hill back of this place. There was no trace of her after that.

The police informed Baxter that some distance back of Frascati there is a village consisting of 500 people, 450 of whom had been in jail for one offense or another. When persons are seen up the hill, especially foreigners, the Italian mounted police, riding two together, usually keep them in view, that they may not be attacked by some of these jailbirds. The police assumed that since Helen White had been up there alone and had either been murdered for what valuables she had about her or had been captured for ransom. No ransom having been demanded, there could be no doubt that she had been murdered.

Indeed, there was no other alternative. It is seldom that the mystery of a disappearance is so satisfactorily solved. Baxter was obliged to be content with it, and the Alexanders, who had come to take a strong sympathetic interest in him, persuaded him to divert his mind by making a brief tour with them. This, under the circumstances, was the best thing he could do. Together they visited Florence, Venice and the lakes of northern Italy. These localities, new to Baxter, were admirably calculated to withdraw his mind from the horror under which he suffered. The quaint, mediaeval town on the Arno, with its treasures of art; the city of water streets on the Adriatic, where under the moonlight hundreds of gondolas filled with pleasure seeking people congregate in sight of the doge's palace and the lion of St. Mark's to listen to music, were surely calculated to draw the poison of sorrow and restore a normal condition.

Usually a man who has lost a mate feels that something has been taken away which he is eager to replace. To supply this need Baxter turned to Alice Alexander. Drawn to him through sympathy, a girl of a kind heart and high principle, she felt constrained by both to do all in her power to cause him to forget the tragedy of his lost love.

Later one evening while seated in a boat on Lake Maggiori Baxter asked Miss Alexander to fill the void that had been made vacant and become his wife. She accepted, and their betrothal was approved by the girl's parents. Then after a fortnight's ocean trip together the couple reached home and again took up the thread of ordinary life.

Just three months after Helen White had sailed for Europe Baxter, who had but recently returned, received a letter from her saying that she would be due to arrive on the day he would receive her letter.

It would be impossible to describe the sensation of a man in his position. After taking time to right himself from the effect of the squall that had struck him he resolved to hear Helen's story, then be guided by it in his future course.

When Helen White reached port and did not find Joe Baxter on the deck to receive her, her heart sank. She remembered that when she had accused him in case of her loss of replacing her within six months he had responded banteringly, "better make it three." She, too, remembered that it was just three months since her departure.

On the evening of her arrival Joe called. He did not exhibit the relief to be expected in one who had lost and regained a love; he did not take her in his arms; bestowing caresses in place of words checked by emotion. He stood looking at her as if she had returned from the spirit world.

"Oh, Joe!" she exclaimed.

"Explain."

"Have you stood the test?"

"What test?"

"Joe, dear, what I went away for was to test you. You know I always liked to be certain of everything and I wished especially to be certain of the man I would marry. I intended to disappear that you might show your constancy. O, Joe, do tell me that you have been true."

Baxter continued to gaze at her, but there was nothing in his expression from which she could derive any comfort. Presently he said:

"What became of you after you were last seen at Frascati?"

"I had a disguise with me which I put on, and, returning to Rome, took a train northward. I have since been in a small village in Switzerland."

Suddenly the hard look he wore disappeared and was replaced by one of sympathy.

"You have made an awful mistake!" She whitened and waited for him to go on.

"You remember I told you that while waiting to find a secure place on which to step some one would get ahead of you?"

She sank in a chair and covered her face with her hands. Then suddenly starting up and facing him, she said:

"Tell me all!"

Baxter told her of his agony on learning of her disappearance. Knowing the reputation of the Italians of southern Italy, he believed she had met with foul play, but hoped she had been kidnaped rather than murdered. He told her of his trip, the sympathy and kindness of the Alexander family of his hunt for traces of her, his conclusions, his tour with his newly made friends, his engagement.

"And now?" she moaned.

"And now I am placed as a judge on the bench. I have no right to be moved by aught except justice. While you were supposed to be dead another took your place. If I were a chattel she could not make good her claim against yours. But a man is not property. My decision is this: In order to be certain you took a risk and lost."

He walked away from her, but at the door turned and threw her a kiss. It was the only one she ever after that received from a man.

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State Treasurer—John O. Sheets.
Auditor General—Robert A. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry K. Dech.
District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Henion, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Wellsboro.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy E. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—L. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
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Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—E. M. Sherman, Bradford.
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Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
EARL HAFNER, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Mammy's Dream

It Was Thought to Be Superstition, but It Was True.

By HARRIET L. GEDDES.

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In Alabama in antebellum days was a fair plantation comprising many hundred acres and many hundred slaves. On an elevated spot stood the mansion, a great square house with "galleries" surrounding every story and shaded by high trees. In the rear were the houses of the negroes, a line of cabins, kept clean by frequent coats of whitewash. The plantation, now cut up, is the site of large cotton mills.

This property was owned by a child six months old. Its grandfather and its father had both died within a brief period, leaving a young widow, mother of the heir at law, as his guardian and manager of the plantation.

Edward Le Moyne, this child's uncle and brother of his father, was a forcible man, who, under the pretense of assisting his sister-in-law in the management of her property, established himself in the house and assumed control. Mrs. Julian Le Moyne, the widow, had not invited him to do so, but, being a very gentle feminine person, had not the will power to prevent him. Edward Le Moyne in his youth had been wild. Indeed, he had disgraced himself, and his father had willed the property to his brother Julian. When Julian died and Edward commenced the role of assistant to the mother of the child, who had inherited the property, the mother was sure his object was to get rid of the heir that he might become the owner himself.

Edward Le Moyne had married a woman beneath his family, by whom he had a son. Had Edward brought them to the plantation to live Mrs. Julian would not have had the will power to prevent his doing so. Instead he established them in a town near by, and Mrs. Julian knew very well that the next move would be, when Edward had got rid of her son, to the manor house.

As might have been expected, the child fell ill. Edward Le Moyne saw him lying in his mother's arms unconscious. She accused him of having poisoned the boy and, summoning more fortitude than she had displayed before, ordered him out of the room. Quailing before her, he retired. Two days later he saw a little coffin carried to the family burying ground on a hill near by, followed by the widow and a number of her house servants, who were devoted to her. When she returned to the manor house she packed her belongings and the same day took her departure.

Edward Le Moyne took possession of the plantation, brought his wife and son, then ten years old, to the mansion and lived there a lonely life. None of the neighboring planters would have anything to do with him, and his slaves hated him.

Twenty years later his son, Tom, who had come into possession of the property, with a view to establish relations with the neighboring planters, gave a ball. He was no better liked than his father had been, and the acceptances were few. Nevertheless they were sufficient for a merrymaking. Among the guests was Proctor St. Clair, a young man who had been brought up by a relative and extremely popular on account of his high sense of honor, his independent character and other manly traits. Another guest was Caroline Archard, the belle of the country round about. Tom Le Moyne was ambitious to win this girl, thinking that a marriage with her would gain him an entree into the aristocratic families in his neighborhood.

But hardly had the guests arrived and the festivities begun before Le Moyne observed that Miss Archard was manifesting a decided preference for young St. Clair. The traits of the father showed themselves in the son. He resolved to work by underhand means, relying largely on assurance to carry his point. When his guests were ready to depart he invited them all to remain as a house party for as long as they would. A dozen accepted, among them Mr. St. Clair and Miss Archard, both secretly desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity to be together. Le Moyne was especially urgent that St. Clair should remain, promising him every facility for enjoyment.

Le Moyne used his privileges as host to assign himself in all rides, drives and other amusements to escort Miss Archard. Nevertheless he saw that the moment she was free she and St. Clair seemed to fall together naturally. One morning after breakfast St. Clair returned to his room for some article of clothing and was hunting for it in the closet when, hearing a step, he turned and saw Le Moyne come quickly into the room, pull out a bureau drawer, drop something in it and retire hastily, as he had come in. St. Clair, being in the closet, had not been seen. A moment after his host had left the room he went to the bureau drawer and took out a small box containing several articles of jewelry.

He was filled with astonishment, horror and indignation. It was evident to him that Le Moyne had placed the jewels in his drawer, intending to accuse him of having stolen them. St. Clair closed the door and spent half an hour deliberating. At the end of that time he took the jewels to Miss Archard and told her how he had come by them. She had experienced enough of Le Moyne's attentions to her to divine his object. Then St. Clair took the jewels to Le Moyne, whom he found with several of his guests, and told him where he had found them. Le Moyne colored and stammered that some of the house servants must have stolen them and temporarily hidden them in St. Clair's room.

"You lie!" said St. Clair. "I saw you come to my room and place the box in my drawer."

Le Moyne raised his cane and struck his accuser. St. Clair attempted to strike back, but the others interfered.

At that time in the south such an affair must be settled under the code duello. The accusation against Le Moyne could only be wiped out in blood. He knew that it could not be wiped out at all. There was not one of his guests but would believe the word of St. Clair in preference to his own.

With the dogged spirit that possessed him, Le Moyne proposed that they should settle the affair at once. St. Clair was agreeable, and, though the others present advised delay, the two principals were too hot for it. Rapiers were the weapons most used, and there was sufficient space in the room where they were. The adversaries, in shirt and trousers, faced each other, swords were handed them, and they began to fence.

Le Moyne, true to the instincts of his race, was cool. Not even the truth of the charge could unnerve him. St. Clair, on the contrary, was so shocked, so indignant, at the base attempt to put a stigma upon him and rob him of the girl with whom he had just plighted his troth that he fought wild. The result was that in a few minutes he received a sword wound in the side which took him out of the fight.

He was carried to his room and a surgeon sent for, who pronounced him in danger of his life. Of course removal was out of the question.

The first Miss Archard heard of the matter was that her lover had been stabbed by her host and was lying in his chamber in a critical condition. She flew upstairs and in another moment was bending over him.

"Why," she moaned, "did we come into this house? It is accursed."

At the moment an old negro woman entered and heard the words.

"No, missy," she said, "de house ain't cu'sed. Hit's de people in it. Don' worry, honey. I had a dream dis night. I dreamed I saw a plecession goin' to a grave takin' a baby coffin. An' I saw 'em buryin' de coffin. Den when dey all go way I saw de baby rise out o' de groun', an' he was growed to be a fine young man. An' he said, 'Mammy, my dear ole mammy.' He put his arm around my neck an' kissed me. 'I's come of age today.'

"I know wha' de dream means. Don' yo worry, honey. Hit's all comin' out right."

The lovers well knew the superstition of the colored race and thought nothing of her words. But her prediction that it would all come out right proved true. It was a month before St. Clair could be moved, and during this period Miss Archard came every day to nurse him, though never once did she deign to notice Le Moyne. One day, shortly before the surgeon gave permission for the removal, the negro who had told her dream came into the room in which St. Clair was lying, Miss Archard sitting beside him. The old woman locked the door and approached the bed with her finger on her lips.

"Is it de fif' ob August?" she asked.

"Yes, aunty."

"Lis'en! I got a secret I'm gwine to tell yo'. I promise missy I nebber tell 'em dis day, cos dis de day yo', Mars' Julian"—

"Julian! I'm not Julian. I'm Proctor. Something is the matter with you, aunty. You're gone daft."

"Jus' yo' wait, honey. Mars' Julian, yo' twenty-one years ole dis berry day. Reckon I ought to know. I'm yo' mammy."

By this time she had caught their attention.

"Yo' mn, she lib heah, an' Mars' Le Moyne, Mars' Tom Le Moyne's father, he come in to run de plantation. Missy 'fraid her baby git poisoned so Mars' Le Moyne 'ud own de propity. Yo', de baby, git sick. Missy t'ink Mars' Le Moyne poison yo'. So she pe'tend yo' daid. She git a coffin an' she fill it with stones, an' she said to me: 'In heah is de proofs dat my boy is not in de coffin. Yo'll know all about him, an' on de fif' ob August, 18—, yo' tell him who he is. Den he kin claim de plantation his own self.'"

When the old woman finished the lovers, whose eyes had been opening wider with every word, looked at each other in astonishment.

"And this is the mystery that has been hanging over me all my life!" said Julian.

"And I believe it's all true," added the girl, clasping her hands and drawing a long breath.

"Well, aunty, or, rather, my dear mammy, you've kept the secret so long; keep it longer."

"But I will, honey."

It was more than a month later when one night Julian Le Moyne appeared as a resurrectionist on the hill near the plantation and took up a little coffin lined with lead. In it were stones and the proofs of the identity of the child it was supposed to contain. The proofs established the fact that Proctor St. Clair was Julian Le Moyne and heir to the Le Moyne estate.

He dispossessed his cousin, took possession of his property and married Caroline Archard.

A QUEER UNIVERSITY.

Cairo Has the World's Oldest Educational Institution.

"When we think of Harvard or Yale, the former dating from 1638 and the latter from 1701, we think of them as old universities," says a writer in the American Educational Review; "but when we pass to the other side of the world we discover that even the oldest American universities are in reality very young institutions.

"The oldest educational institution in the world is the University of El Ashar, Cairo, founded in the year 988 by the great Saladin. It is the central seat of learning for the whole Mohammedan world, as well as a fountain of spiritual life. It occupies an ancient mosque in the Arab quarter of Cairo, surrounded by a confusing maze of narrow streets where the population is made up of representatives of every race that follows the prophet.

"The old mosque covers several acres and consists of a series of courts surrounded by long cloisters with low roofs supported by forests of columns. The floors of red tiles are covered daily by a multitude of men and boys, squatting in semicircles around their teachers, who sit with their backs to the columns lecturing in monotones.

"The chancellor of the university is always a descendant of the prophet and is usually a man of ability and learning. He occupies apartments in El Ashar and is not only the supreme educational but the ecclesiastical head of the church of Egypt.

"There is no organization similar to that in modern universities. Any reputable man who desires to teach can obtain the privilege by application and is assigned a column where he may sit and impart the truth as he thinks proper. His fame or ability will attract more or less students and disciples, who pay him fees according to their means."

THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

Brutal Punishment to Which Women Were Once Subjected.

The brank, or scold's bridle, or gossip's bridle, was neither more nor less than a muzzle. It was in general use in Great Britain from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, and in Scotland as well women were muzzled for certain offenses, some at least of them more imaginary than real. The instrument of torture, even a dog's leather muzzle, is uncomfortable. How much more the scold's muzzle! It consisted, according to a high authority, Mr. W. Jewitt, of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head; and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate or a sharp cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue, or it was so placed that if she did move it or attempt to speak it was cut in a most frightful manner. With this cage upon her head and with the gag firmly pressed and locked against her tongue the miserable creature, whose sole offending perhaps was that she raised her voice in defense of her social rights against a brutal and besotted husband or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in her town, was paraded through the streets, led by a chain by the hand of a bellman, the beadle or the constable or chained to the pillory, the whipping post or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy or of promising amendment for the future, and when the punishment was over she was turned out from the town hall or the place where the brutal punishment had been inflicted, maimed, disfigured, bleeding, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbors.—London Family Herald.

Colors of the Stars.

Although there is no relation apparent between the two phenomena, yet it is interesting to recall the fact that among the stars certain colors appear to characterize different stages of change, of evolution. Red stars, according to the testimony of the spectroscope, differ widely in their constitution from white or yellow ones, and it has been thought that varying colors may give a clew to progressive changes in the heavenly bodies. Sirius, for instance, is said to have changed from red to white, and some have suspected that Arcturus is fading from red toward yellow.

A Fairly Good Appetite.

Kaffirs, North American Indians and the fat boy in "Pickwick" may well be quoted as fearful examples of voracity, but even their gastronomic feats are exceeded by the full grown Eskimo, who will daily eat twenty pounds of flesh and oil if he has the chance, while on the authority of Admiral Saritcheff a Yakut of Siberia has been known to consume in twenty-four hours "the hind quarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a quantity of melted butter for his drink."

To Be Avoided.

"There's Wilson! Let us turn back. I've no desire to meet that fellow again! Last week I asked him to lend me five pounds."

"Well, he certainly might have done so; he has plenty of money."

"Yes, I know—and—he did lend me the five!"—London Mail.

A Strategist.

"That fellow is a greater strategist than Napoleon ever was."

"As to how?"

"He got a two dollar raise of salary a year ago and hasn't told his wife about it yet."—Pittsburg Post.

A THRILLING RIDE.

The Piano Run a Frenchman Gave a Locomotive Engineer.

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He flipped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old 36 pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a special. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding in the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, and trees appeared to be a mudbank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug—went down—[illegible] fifty feet to the mile and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, I know. I know the game was up. She couldn't [illegible] ahead of us was the [illegible] special. In a daze I heard [illegible] as they struck, and I saw [illegible] into atoms, people smashed [illegible] and bleeding and [illegible] I heard [illegible] French professor standing [illegible] away down on the [illegible] the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the firebox of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—Life.

Heat.

Little things like bacilli will live in a temperature of above 211 degrees F. Experimental observations of stokers have shown that man is a cousin to the salamander. Dante made six fiery circles of hell and felt constrained to resort to ice for the seventh and last condemnation of souls. Heat, in other words, is a relative term. Heat is beneficient if you like things hot. It depends on the point of view. Heat is supposed to be enervating. The hookworm is engendered by it. But, then, a race horse will go much faster on a hot day than a cool one. The fiercest rays of the sun appear to lubricate the joints. There are various kinds of heat, such as just common, everyday heat, prickly heat and the heat of debate, etc.—Kansas City Times.

A Spartan Father.

Recently at first year high school pupil handed her history teacher what she evidently considered an exhaustive and final study of Lacedaemonian customs. In it she stated that one Spartan habit of strengthening youth was to compel the boys to sleep always on beds and thistles.

The incident reminds one of a story that is told of one of the Camerons of Lochiel.

The chief, when bivouacking with his son in the snow, noticed that the lad had rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. He thereupon rose and kicked it away, saying sternly, "No effeminacy, boy!"—Youth's Companion.

Burning a Diamond.

The diamond was first burned by Davy and Faraday in 1814. It was held on a platinum rod in a glass globe of twenty-two cubic inches of pure hydrogen and the Duke of Tuscany's burning glass—a lens of fourteen inches and one of three inches separated six and one-half feet—concentrated the sun's heat. In three-quarters of an hour the stone burst into a scarlet flame. Out of focus it blazed four minutes and was consumed in two more trials.

Playing Safe.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "this is the third time I have had to punish you this week. Why are you so naughty?"

"Because," answered the incorrigible youngster, "grandpa says the good die young, and I ain't takin' any chances."—Chicago News.

A Bold Jollier.

Mrs. Hashleigh—Yes, we've been having considerable trouble with our milk lately. Do you take your coffee with or without?

New Boarder—I take it within.—Boston Transcript.

An envious man waxes lean at the fatness of his neighbor.—Socrates.

A Love Story

The Teller Brings About a Real Ending Herself.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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I am an old maid. I have never had a love affair and never expect to have one. Perhaps this is why I take an interest in the loves of other people. Nothing is so attractive to me as to watch a young couple drifting into that current which at first moves so imperceptibly that they are not aware they are in it. Indeed, so unconscious are they of being incipient lovers that it does not occur to them to conceal the fact from any one else.

I remember one day sitting at my window sewing when a boy and a girl passed on the other side of the road. The boy's straw hat was dingy, and there was plenty of ventilation in its crown. His only other clothing was a shirt and trousers. No shoes or stockings, nothing around his throat, his collar being open and displaying the tanned skin. The girl's clothing was neither better nor worse, and there was about as much of it.

The two were evidently absorbed in each other. What they were talking about I was too far from them to hear, but it was of vital importance. It may be that the boy had been "kept in" after school and they were indignant over time thus lost to play. It may be that some urchin had smashed the china head of the girl's doll. Whatever it was it was being discussed with animation.

And I maintain that these childish interests are of more real importance for the time being than those which come later. No addition to an adult's stock of wealth gives the same test as a new toy to one of these little people.

Often afterward I saw these two, and always together. In this they were different from other children who play, boys with boys and girls with girls. I learned that they were Henry Morse and Lila Bunker, a farmer's boy and farmer's girl. Indeed, we were all farmer folk, all knew one another, everybody being interested in some degree at least in every one else; a simple community and more than usually free from the petty jealousies common to mankind.

Henry Morse's father was determined that his son should have a good education, and the boy was sent away to school. After this I used to see Lila going by our house, but no companion supplied Henry's place. She was always alone, and I fancied her thinking of her other self. But this was simply fancy on my part. As I have said in the beginning, not having had any love affairs of my own, I conjure up love affairs for others. In this case of Henry and Lila I know nothing of what was passing between them except from observation, so I may be excused for filling in occasionally that the story may not seem too disconnected. At the last I was prescient and shall not have to draw on my imagination.

When Henry came back from school there was a more modish appearance to his clothes and on his manners. Poor Lila, who had remained on the farm, had only an unadorned beauty, freshened by pure air and sunshine. They were now about sixteen years old, though Henry was half a head taller, and I could not see that their interest in each other had waned, though the childish unconsciousness that they were of different sex had disappeared. I used to see them go by the house together as formerly, but the prattle of childhood had given place to the more sober conversation of youth. I often wished I could hear what they were saying to each other.

Henry did so well at school that his father decided to send him to college. I wondered what effect his four years' association with young men and women of the world would have on my pet love affair. I feared that Henry, having become used to the polished girls he would meet, would return to see in Lila a country girl lacking the airs and graces of her sisters of the city. Would this alienate him? It was to be expected that it would. And though country born and bred myself, I don't know that those of us who go to the city and acquire city ways are to be blamed when we return and yield to dissatisfaction at country ways.

Henry remained away a year at college before he came back to the farm. Then one July morning, when sitting at my window darning socks, I looked up, and there on the opposite side of the road were the couple I had first noticed eight or nine years ago as children. Though Henry was plainly dressed, his clothes were not country clothes. It seemed to me that he might pass anywhere as a city bred young man. And Lila—how my heart went out to the poor child in her effort to dress in a fashion more in keeping with the apparel of those girls to whom Henry had been accustomed! It was all inference with me, but it was plain to see that she had prepared herself against his return to modify the difference between her and their habiliments.

I wondered if he noticed this and if it pleased or displeased him. Surely her effort was not very successful. In the country one may get city fashions, but it is not every worker who can make them up. But in the few moments they were passing it was impossible for me to tell if there had been any change in Henry's feelings for Lila. So I plecod out the story in this wise: Henry was beginning to see the difference between her and the girls he had met. I mean by "her" her clothes—a certain deficiency in what city people call chic. I am not referring to Lila as a soul, not even as a body, for in bodily beauty she would doubtless far surpass many a city girl. Well, what do I refer to? Why, clothes and manner; that's all.

After this Henry seldom came home during vacations. I heard that he usually went camping with his fellow students. At any rate, I lost track of my lovers. I was reluctantly obliged to consider my story, if not finished, at least passing through a stage of interruption. Henry had become interested in a career which would have nothing to do with farms or farmer people. When he was graduated I learned that he was intending to study medicine. But before he entered a medical college his father, who spared no expense on his education, sent him abroad. When I heard of all these matters, which were taking him farther and farther away from provincialism and his provincial sweetheart, I groaned in spirit, for I saw that my love story was likely to end in nothing.

It was some time before Henry was to leave the medical college that I heard bad news of Lila. They said she had some trouble that was dragging her down, but the doctors could not discover what it was. They could not diagnose it—that is what they called it. Her father sent to the city and brought a doctor to the farm especially to see if he couldn't tell what was the matter with her. The doctor said he couldn't find any organic trouble, whatever that means, and the only remedy he thought might benefit her was change of scene. He advised her father to take her on a trip. But Farmer Bunker couldn't afford to do that, and Lila didn't care to go.

I considered this merely a part of my love story. It was plain to me that Henry Morse had drifted away from the little girl I had seen him going by our house with when they were children, and the parting was killing her.

They say story writers often fall in love with their imaginary characters. Therefore it's not strange that a story creator like myself should fall in love with a real person of flesh and blood. I had always known the Bunkers, so I went to see Lila. That was in the spring—May, I think. I found her sitting in an easy chair at her window, pale, languid and without interest in anything. It may be that she devined by my bearing toward her that I knew what was the matter with her. At any rate, when I went up to her, took her hand and drew her head down on my shoulder she left it there and seemed to get relief from the tears that came.

While she was weeping on my shoulder I was thinking. Not having any lover to bring back for myself, I wished I could bring back one for this poor girl. And I formed a plan.

But it was some time before I carried it out, not till summer came. Then I told Lila's parents that I thought it would do her good to come and make me a visit. Since Lila said she would like to do so, they consented, and within a few days she was in my room, the room from which I had first seen her go by with her child lover. I said nothing about Henry Morse either as boy or man any more than if he didn't exist. But when I put Lila in an easy chair at the very window from which I used to watch her and him and thought of her as she was then and saw her as she was now I made up my mind that if I was going to make a good, real story of her case I couldn't rely on things to happen themselves. I'd have to bring them about myself.

I was thinking, too, that my love story had been going on long enough and it was time it was brought to a close. Besides Lila was so weak that I feared in her condition she'd contract some real disease. So I wrote Dr. Henry Morse, who had just been admitted to practice, that I had a patient in my family who was dying of some disease that none of our country doctors could tell anything about and I would pay him whatever he asked if he would make a flying trip and diagnose—I spelled it diagknous—the case.

He wrote back that he remembered me very well and would run down in a few days.

Of course I didn't let on to Lila what I had done. She, poor child, wasn't dreaming what an influence my seeing her go by my window so many years before would have on her life. I hoped Henry would come as soon as possible, for she was drooping more and more every day.

Well, one morning he came. He said he had answered my call after his arrival even before going home. I was glad of this, for I was fearful he'd hear something that might interfere with my plan. I just led him upstairs, opened the door and he went in and I closed it behind him.

I reckon he didn't make as long a call as that on a patient for a good many years. I don't know what happened between them—didn't see the surprise of either of them. All I know is that when he came out two or three hours after he went in he looked at me as though he was going to say something, but pressed my hand instead. Then I went in to Lila. She had the happiest smile on her face I ever saw. She put her arms around my neck and cried and laughed. And that's the end of the story.

I don't see why real story writers don't do something themselves to finish their own stories.

Scenes from Last Year, Showing Grand Stand and Band on Parade.

Stage Names.

Bustum, the lightweight, I used to admire—
His punch was exceedingly hard—
But I found, to my grief, when I chanced to inquire,
Childs Weeks was the name on his card

I listened enraptured when Melindy sang.
She wakened the god in my heart
With her marvelous voice till I found, with a pang,
She was plain Mrs. Patrick McCart.

De Dizzo, the diver, comes down with a turn
My bosom with wonderment thrills.
But somehow it shortens my pleasure to learn
That his true name is Thomas P. Mills.

When Edmund Fitzaro, the tragedy king,
Brings Hamlet and Shylock to town
I never go near him. I can't care a thing
For talented people born Brown.

I take no delight as I gaze at the names
That history asks us to view.
Old Plato was likely a Smith or a James
And Caesar perhaps a Dotrow.

—Newark Evening News.

Catty.

Mrs. Wryvell—I do wish I could get a good maid.

Mrs. Hauttie—You might interview mine. I think she'd be delighted to go to you.

Mrs. Wryvell—Why, aren't you going to keep her?

Mrs. Hauttie—She won't stay. She says she wants a place where she won't have so many gowns and hats to take care of.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hints to Young Ministers.

Why close the church in summer?
It isn't up to date,
For dust should never gather
On the collection plate—
Most any congregation
To church would gladly go
If it felt sure that it could see
A first class picture show.

"At the Seventh Baptist All This Week Big Program" would attract them.
The pastor could remark with pride:
"Attendance? Why, we packed them."
Man wants, as we've been often told,
But little here below.
He'd rush to church if he could see
A first class picture show.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Something Happened.

A train on one of the transcontinental lines running through Kansas City and is usually late was reported on time a few days ago.

The young man who writes the particulars concerning the trains at that station put down his statistics about this train. "No. 616, from the west, on time."

Then he wrote underneath, "Cause unknown."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Fishin' Yestaday.

Not much energy today—sort o' hangin' on,
Somehow wishin' 'at the day was already gone.
Got a kind o' dull headache—feel's if I could lay
Down to sleep an' never wake.
Fishin' yestaday.

Face is feverish an' red—got no appetite.
My, but I will hit the bed good an' hard tonight!
Feelin' kind o' dry an' hot—nothin' much to say.
Don't care if school keeps or not.
Fishin' yestaday.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Late Hours.

"I understand that you recently stayed our till after midnight," said the friend in a shocked tone.

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton.

"Where did you spend all your time?"

"Out on the front step waiting for Henrietta to relent and let me in."—Washington Star.

An Epitaph.

A lovely young lady I mourn in my rimes.
She was pleasant, good natured and civil sometimes.
Her figure was good, she had very fine eyes,
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.
Her adorers were many, and one of them said:
"She waltzed rather well. It's a pity she's dead!"

—George John Cayley.

A Distant Prospect.

"And you say you love me?"

"Devotedly!"

"With the cost of living as high as it is?"

"Indeed I do. And when the cost of living is less I will prove my love by making you my wife."—Houston Post.

Students desiring board, please apply to P. O. Box 622, Smethport, for rates, &c. Sept. 1-2t

Edinboro Normal inspires students to do their best in their preparation for teaching. Students enter at any time. Fall session begins Sept. 6, 1910. Catalog free.

Sept 1-1t John F. Bigler, Prin.

Low Rates via the P., S. & N. R. R.

Account McKean County Fair, St. Marys to Olean inclusive, P., S. & N. R. R. offer special low rates from all stations to Smethport and return, September 8th to 9th inclusive, for return on or before September 10th.

See hand bills for particulars or apply to Agents.

JOS. T. ODELL,
Sept. 1—2t G. P. A.

The Library of the Lock Haven State Normal School is well selected, accurately catalogued and the books are easily accessible. The library rooms are said to be handsomer than those of any other school library in the state. The remarkable success of the schools debating team in the Inter-Normal debates is due, in a large measure, to the library. Write for the school's handsome catalog. Sep.1-1t

The work of the Lock Haven State Normal School is, primarily, to prepare teachers for the public schools. In this work, it has been eminently successful. Its graduates to-day are college professors, Normal School teachers, County Superintendents, High School and Grade teachers. It also maintains a college preparatory department, and departments of Music, Elocution, Art and Business. The fall term opens September 6th. Send for illustrated catalog. Sept. 1-1t

Fine Prospect.

The Clarion State Normal School will open its twenty-fourth annual session on Tuesday, September 13th. The Attendance promises to be the largest in the history of the institution. During the past five years the growth has been unusual. It has an ideal location and a fine equipment. A fine spirit characterizes the student body. If you have not already engaged a room better do so at once.

J. George Becht, Principal,
Sept. 1-1t Clarion, Pa.

Happy Marriages

Are the result of knowing the laws of health and nature. All the knowledge a young man or woman, wife or daughter should have is contained in the People's Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. This big Home Doctor Book containing 1008 pages with engravings and colored plates, and bound in cloth, (over 150,000 copies formerly sold for $1.50 each), is sent free to any one sending 21 one-cent stamps to prepay cost of wrapping and postage. There are no conditions to this offer and the reader must not associate this book with the advertising pamphlets prepared by quacks throughout the country. Address, World's Publishing Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Desertion Notice.

My wife, Ethel, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation I will not be responsible for debts contracted by her in my name.

MILO OVIATT,
Norwich, Pa.

Apologies to H. W. L.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village jokesmith stands.
A solemn faced old slob is he
With long, prehensile hands.
And why he doesn't go to work
No one quite understands.

—Chicago Tribune.

Talked With His Hands.

"I asked him to keep his hands still for a minute, as it would interfere with my trick," said the prestidigitateur.

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Another Low Rate Excursion to Rock City, Olean and Riverhurst, September 11th, 1910, Via Shawmut Line

The St. Marys Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to give another of its popular concerts at Rock City Park during the afternoon of Sunday, September 11th, and will accompany P. S. & N. R. R. excursion from St. Marys. Train leaves Smethport 10:27 a. m., fare for the round trip to Rock City, including admission to the Park $1.00; to Riverhurst $1.05; to Olean $1.60.

For further particulars apply to P., S. & N. Agents or address.

JOS. T. ODELL,
Sept. 1—2t G. P. A.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.
A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Resolved (if the Senate concur), That the following amendment to section twenty-six of article five of the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section 26 of Article V., which reads as follows: "Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; and the General Assembly is hereby prohibited from creating other courts to exercise the powers vested by this Constitution in the judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Orphans' Courts," be amended so that the same shall read as follows:—

Section 26. All laws relating to courts shall be general and of uniform operation, and the organization, jurisdiction, and powers of all courts of the same class or grade, so far as regulated by law, and the force and effect of the process and judgments of such courts, shall be uniform; but, notwithstanding any provisions of this Constitution, the General Assembly shall have full power to establish new courts, from time to time, as the same may be needed in any city or county, and to prescribe the powers and jurisdiction thereof, and to increase the number of judges in any courts now existing or hereafter created, or to reorganize the same, or to vest in other courts the jurisdiction theretofore exercised by courts not of record, and to abolish the same wherever it may be deemed necessary for the orderly and efficient administration of justice.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1,
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.
RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote.

Resolved (if the House of Representatives concur), That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:

That section one of article eight be amended, by striking out the fourth numbered paragraph thereof, so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact.

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, if having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months), immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

A true copy of Resolution No. 2.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed; in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the county of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and coordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such manner as shall be provided by rules of court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the county of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 3.
ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.
A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine,
Section Eight.

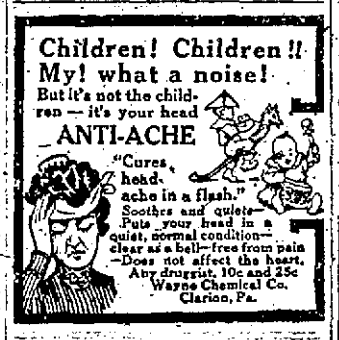
Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts, hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.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My! what a noise!
But it's not the children — it's your head
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